

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning
Vol. CXXLV. }

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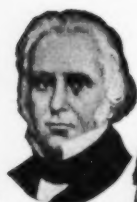
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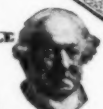
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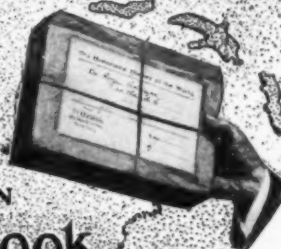
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If you want to know the greatness of a soul and the true mastery of life, apply to The Open Court Publishing Company for a slip of a book by Muriel Strode entitled simply "My Little Book of Prayer." The modern progress of sovereign mind and inner divinity from the narrow cell of the ascetic to the open heaven of man, made in God's own image, is triumphantly shown in it, yet a self-abnegation and sacrifice beyond anything that a St. Francis or a Thomas a'Kempis ever dreamed of glorifies the path. To attempt to tell what a treasure-trove for the struggling soul is in this little volume would be impossible without giving it complete, for every paragraph marks a milestone on the higher way. That the best of all modern thought and religion is garnered in it, its very creed proclaims:

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Worshiping, not at the call of a bell, but at the call of my soul;

Singing, not at the baton's sway, but to the rhythm in my heart;

Loving because I must;

Doing for the joy of it.

Some one who has "entered in" sends back to us this inspiring prayer book, and to seize its spirit and walk in the light of it would still the moan and bitterness of human lives, as the bay wreath ends the toilsome struggle in the hero's path. Measure the height attained in this one reflection for the weary army of the unsuccessful:

He is to rejoice with exceeding great joy who plucks the fruit of his planting, but his the divine anointing who watched and waited, and toiled, and prayed, and failed — and can yet be glad.

Or this, in exchange for the piping cries of the unfortunate:

I do not bemoan misfortune. To me there is no misfortune. I welcome whatever comes; I go out gladly to meet it.

Cover all misfortune, too, with this master prayer:

O God, whatever befall, spare me that supreme calamity—let no after-bitterness settle down with me. Misfortune is not mine until that hour.

Here, too, is the triumph of the unconquerable mind:

The earth shall yet surrender to him and the fates shall do his will who marches on, though the promised land proved to be but a mirage and the day of deliverance was cancelled. The gods shall yet anoint him and the morning stars shall sing.

And this the true prayer for the battlefield:

I never doubt my strength to bear whatever fate may bring, but, oh! that I may not go down before that which I bring myself.

Nuggets of pure gold like these abound in this mine of the mind which the victorious author has opened for us. To seek it out swiftly and resolve its great wealth for himself should be the glad purpose of the elect. And who are not the elect in the light of its large teaching? To claim them in spite of themselves is its crowning lesson.

It is but common to believe in him who believes in himself, but, oh! if you would do aught uncommon, believe in him who does not believe in himself—restore the faith to him:—St. Louis Globe-Democrat, March 5.

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FROM BEGINNING
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AGNOSTICISM AND NATIONAL DECAY.

It is not among philosophers that we shall come across a view, widely held and often expressed, which denies the influence on social progress of creeds or ideals. Liberty of conscience, freedom of thought and speech, are indeed applauded by many just because, as they say, opinions do not matter any more than the color of a man's beard or the cut of his coat. Let him be Christian, agnostic, atheist, we are told, it is all one on the Stock Exchange, in business, enterprise, amusement. If he takes a hand in modern life he must play the game. And with that game his private fancies have nothing to do. In like manner the nation—any nation—is committed to a struggle for existence in which the fittest will survive. On this argument, agnosticism belongs to the world of pure speculation, like the higher mathematics. It can neither make nor mar the fortunes of an empire. And the discussion of it may be left to clergymen or professors who feel drawn towards abstruse but unprofitable studies.

This frankly indifferent attitude must have received a shock when Professor Huxley, the father of agnosticism, delivered his Romanes Lecture at Ox-

ford in 1893. For he laid down in unmistakable terms that without ideals, deliberately chosen, there could be no improvement in society. Allowing that the "cosmic process" governed Nature, he went on to declare that "social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest, in respect of the whole of the conditions which obtain, but of those who are ethically the best."¹

Social advance was, therefore, according to Huxley, bound up with advance in right conduct, and was merely another name for it when viewed on the largest horizon. Ethics, civilization, progress, were but different facets of the same jewel. And social, or national decay, being the contrary to all this, must mean the production of the ethically unfit, who are really, whatever their pretensions, uncivilized or degenerate. So much appears to be evident from the text which I have quoted above. Moreover, that we might not be in the dark as touching

¹ Huxley, "Evolution and Ethics," p. 81.

his drift and purpose, the eloquent Professor went on to clear his words by definition. "As I have already urged," he told his Oxford auditors,

the practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or treading down, all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help his fellows; its influence is directed, not so much to the survival of the fittest, as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It repudiates the gladiatorial theory of existence.²

This declaration, from the lips of our most celebrated agnostic, who had invented the title under which his no-religion was henceforth to walk the world, called out cries of admiration on one side, of dissent and dismay on the other. It was admired by Christians, who did not in the least look for it in so hostile a quarter. But many of the Professor's friends and former allies cast it out as treason to science, a breach of logic, and a lapse into orthodoxy. The growing school of which Frederick Nietzsche had become the prophet, were vehement in reprobating so bold an attempt to exalt ethics above what they termed "Nature"; but they asked for Huxley's reasons in vain. He could not, or would not, allow that he was only half an agnostic, and had found himself unable to frame a theory of civilization from which the old Christian ideals might be eliminated. Nevertheless, if men ceased to be orthodox in their beliefs, it was not likely that they would take the New Testament for the standard of their conduct, whether as individuals or as nations. The agnostic was bound to discover and to establish

a code of morals that should make for progress, or he was the herald and would prove to be in no small measure the cause of social decay. Did, then, religious opinions not matter to the prosperity of a people? It would seem, on the contrary, that nothing mattered so much.

The great issue, it has been well observed, for England as for every other modern State, is decline or ascent. No society in our Western world can rest on a level, or print a stereotype and live by it. There are certainly laws and conditions of progress which it is out of our power to fulfil unless we think the truth about them. If Professor Huxley was not astray in his definition of social virtue, and if a nation rises or falls according as it multiplies the "ethically best," or hinders their multiplication, we are justified in asking what is our present ideal of life, as lived in the English-speaking world, and what are the facts which underlie our practice. The morals commended by our Romanes lecturer with an assurance so unclouded are, it will never be denied, Christian. They were not framed, or preached, or realized on a large historical plan by agnostics, but, as might have been anticipated, by the followers of Him who first made them familiar in a Divine example. The consistent agnostic repudiates them, precisely because they run counter to the cosmic process. How can man, he argues, dream of forcing his own moral standard upon nature? "Why should we not look at him," inquires the translator of Nietzsche, "as a being above all physiological, and measure first of all the value of his art, civilization, and religion, by their effect upon his species, by the standard of physiology?"³ The ethical process ought to obey the cosmic process, being only a means to that end. Evolution, not directed by

² Huxley, "Evolution and Ethics," p. 82

³ "Nietzsche's Works," vol. xi., pref. p. xvi.

any moral laws, absolutely unfettered by ideals, is the only God. And all future civilization is bound to be secular.

As for religion, Christian or any other, when its dogmas are no longer believed its ethics pass away, by sheer logical necessity, in obedience to that instinct which is ever rounding our existence into an ordered whole. Thus we are approaching to a "transvaluation of values" like that which took place when the old Pagan world exchanged the thyrsus for the crucifix. It is now being wrought out in the midst of us, partly as a reaction, but still more as a revolt, from the "ascetic" maxims of Christ. Those maxims were recognized and had public acknowledgment among Puritans as among Catholics; in sad-colored New England not less than in sun-burnt Spain. Huxley was, therefore, upon this showing, in his Oxford lecture a benighted Christian, a Saul among the prophets, who ought to have known better than to strip himself before the University and all Europe of the mantle of science, that he might lie down with partisans of self-sacrifice and check the cosmic Juggernaut's advance.

I hope the situation is now clear. By an agnostic I mean every one who has, consciously or unconsciously, decided that nothing can be known of the origin, end, or purpose of things; and who therefore acts as if human hopes and fears are alike to be interred with his bones. There is one life, the present; one duty, to make the most of it; one irretrievable failure, to have passed by, or thrown away, opportunities of happiness during our brief season. From those opportunities, remark, all sources are cut off which imply or demand belief in the world to come, in a God who is not the cosmic formula, in transcendental rewards and punishments, in revelation, prayer, and, to sum up, in religion. For all

these things are falsehoods, or at least fictions, and science is founded on truth. Nay, it will be patent on a little consideration, that once the agnostic knows his own mind, he cannot, if he would, discover happiness in the old mythology. Transition takes time; piecemeal and illogical characters may vex the symmetry of a new social order; but these will be like the Pagan who hid themselves in out-of-the-way nooks when Christianity triumphed, survivals that do not count. The coming experiment, of which tokens are every day more obvious, will endeavor to carry on our social system, hitherto in various degrees governed by the ethical standard which Huxley described as the best, not in that manner at all, but as a physiological problem to be resolved by purely scientific methods.

Of this threatened revolution the first symptoms are already upon us. While philosophy argues, society acts. And society has, to an amazing extent, translated the agnostic views into a code of conduct. Religion, for a very large number, and those in stations of influence, is no longer on its trial; it has ceased to exist. Doubt, positive and paralyzing, has taken hold of so many that a protest in the shape of revivals, accompanied by intense excitement, is spreading among the less educated, who feel that the clergy themselves have too often opened the gates which they were sworn to defend and are letting in the enemy. I do not write these words by way of challenge, still less by way of satire, but as indicating phenomena which every observant man will judge for himself. That the future of England, as of other countries at a like degree of culture, depends on its attitude towards the secularist or agnostic view of life and action, I am convinced. And that we possess, even at this early stage of the movement, facts on which

to form an estimate of its course by-and-by, shall be now shown, briefly in the space allotted, yet, as I hope, not without sufficient grounds.

We are taking for granted, as Huxley did in his Romanes Lecture, that all human progress worthy of the name is, at last, ethical. And, furthermore, that the heart of ethics is self-sacrifice. We will not stay to answer difficulties well-worn in these high questions, concerning the relation of the individual to society. Be it enough to assent when our Professor demands "that each man who enters into the enjoyment of the advantages of a polity shall be mindful of his debt to those who have laboriously constructed it; and shall take heed that no act of his weakens the fabric in which he has been permitted to live."⁴ Such is the duty of the citizen, the father of a family, the landlord, the lawgiver, the administrator, and of every one else who is protected by the social order, especially when from that order he wins the privileges that we term vested rights, rank, property in public resources, and an hereditary income. With regard to women, it is equally clear that marriage and maternity in a civilized condition have their duties, as well as their claims; that anarchy is not an ideal of motherhood; and that the home is the foundation at all times of what is ethically best.

Now it appears to not a few lovers of progress, in the sense laid down, that modern economics have joined hands with modern unbelief in an attempt, the outcome of which, if left to itself, would be catastrophe. We hold that civilization, here in England, oversea in the United States, in Australia, and, coming back to the Old World, above all in France, is exposed to a great danger, and may, during the twentieth century, enter on a period of decline. We believe that period has

begun in France, which seems to have lost the power of selecting fit governors, and is utterly given over to Malthusian practices. But we observe the like phenomena, due to not unlike causes, though not yet on so large a scale, in Great Britain and many of its dependencies; while in the United States a dissolution of marriage seems to be spreading far and wide. The Puritan families, on which the greatness of America was founded, are dying out of the land they refuse to occupy with their descendants. President Roosevelt, who is alarmed at the reign of trusts, now calls for legislation to stem the tide of divorce. These are grave symptoms, not confined to any one race, constitution, or social degree, in the hundred and seventy millions whom we may describe as the vanguard of progress. I will not extend the survey across the Rhine, although in Germany too, and elsewhere on that side, the prospect is assuredly disquieting. But when we perceive whole nations liable to one disease, which every year returns only to multiply its ravages, we are led to imagine that it cannot have in these various countries different causes; but that a certain kind of atmosphere and climate favors the deadly infection. What, we ask ourselves, has happened to bring about this plague and to give it strength? In social changes it will be seen, if we look closely into them, that a revolution in thought is always the beginning, wherever some great cosmic influence—some glacial period or some abnormal increase of temperature—cannot be invoked. A glacial period, truly, is setting in; but of the mind, not of the globe. And its name is Agnosticism. The intellectual sun is darkened; human life is moving away from the centre of light towards the depths of space. Men and women shape their conduct more and more as if there were no God.

⁴ Huxley, *loc. cit.*, p. 82.

When we have sorted out this cause from the mingled yarn of daily events, we can follow it in action and explain a world of things that would otherwise be most perplexing. Note, however, that it is not always, and need not be, as obvious to the victim as it becomes to the looker-on. From their very nature general laws escape observation. People go by custom; when the custom changes it does so gradually; and imitation may be widespread ere philosophers themselves have accounted for it. Thus it is now some five-and-twenty years since the birth-rate in England began to fall; it was lowest in 1904; but only when the Socialist reformer called attention to it were the public in any degree troubled. Even now, they have not grasped its real significance. Large families are ceasing to be desirable. Why? For economic reasons; they cannot be supported according to the standard of comfort which prevails in any class above the lowest. Yet this is not an ultimate reason; it is rather the starting-point of a new inquiry. How comes it, we must demand, that the lessening birth-rate affects even those classes where wealth is secure and leisure ample? Poverty, or the dread of it, will account for a decline in marriage; but it is not mere poverty that will explain why fewer children, comparatively to the population, were born in England last year than at any time since State registers have been kept. What has befallen the idea of marriage? That is the question. Poverty and luxury, pleasure-seeking instead of duty, and disbelief in the Bible which has laid under anathema the violation of natural laws—these must all be taken together. The spirit of anarchic individualism that cries out "No God, no Master!" is needed to tell us why Englishmen and their wives, once dedicated to a blameless and lasting union, have fallen into the pit

which Malthus or his followers digged for them.

It is idle, as well as provoking, to say that such things ought not to be discussed in public. They will require, more and more, to be discussed, if we want to know the true condition of England. Nor yet of England alone. For their significance lies in the fact that wherever unbelief has taken hold, or doubt saps the ancient creeds, there Malthus reigns instead of Christ. When the fierce assault was beginning, with Bentham, James Mill, and the *Westminster Review* to give it a programme, which in seventy or eighty years has wrought the defeat we are witnessing of Christian virtue, one of its chief axioms was borrowed from the *Essay on Population*. The utilitarian spent his days in proving that "there are too many children." He has been echoed by the downright atheist in Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, who calls the State, with its Poor Laws and its Factory Laws, "the refuge of the superfluous." In other words, it was Christian pity which had stepped in, and which would not allow the lords of capital to abolish all difference between their animated and their mechanical instruments for producing the value which they took to themselves.

An exclamation of despair on this humane account may be heard in those old, and happily now discredited, manuals of the "Let alone" economics. "Unless the working class," observes McCulloch or another, "resolve to limit their offspring, they must continue to feel the pinch of poverty." Now, however, the rich and richest class are limiting their offspring. The proletarian was advised, nay entreated, to take counsel of Malthus. But the millionaire, in act or in hope, is doing the like, and for a reason which, in last analysis, turns out to be equally condemned by ethics. Both are "hurting the fabric of the State

in which they live." But whereas the proletarian may plead his low wages, uncertain employment, narrow lodging, and how impossible is home when the mother works all day in a factory, or is sweated in her miserable den, what is the fashionable woman's apology? We can hardly give it a decent English name. In French it has been expressed by Maupassant as "*l'inutile beauté*." The wife is resolute to take her pleasure as long as may be; she sacrifices her home to the world which drives in the Bois de Boulogne, meets at the Comédie Française, and peoples Cosmopolis, "*Le monde où l'on s'amuse et s'ennuie*." Another might describe it as the world where nobody works for his living, and where every one eats the fruit of many men's toil and many women's vice or suffering.

Doubtless certain of these criminals appear in the catalogue as believers; they attend smart churches; they look down on the Socialist of Hyde Park or Belleville. But we are now in the Palace of Truth; we cannot take a badge for a wedding-garment. We should ever bear in mind that a great company, well-nigh controlling the European press, and including most famous names, has during more than fifty years declared the alliance between knowledge and unbelief to be at once necessary and inevitable. To speak only of England—consider again Bentham, the two Mills, Darwin, Huxley, Bain, and Spencer; are not these, to an average man, the lights of the nineteenth century? Well, with whatever differences, they all agree to reject Christian dogma; and, if we leave out Stuart Mill, they cast from them every hope in immortality and will not hear of a personal God.

With such a system, the anarchy of isolated pleasure-seekers becomes perfectly intelligible. Neither will it seem easy for the Socialist who holds a nobler creed, but has flung away its

Christian premisses, to prove that the egoist is in the wrong. "My pleasure for me" is a maxim which sounds more appetizing, and therefore more reasonable than "Your pleasure bought by my self-sacrifice." Professor Huxley assures us that "Laws and moral precepts are directed to curbing the cosmic process and reminding the individual of his duty to the community, to the protection and influence of which he owes, if not existence itself, at least the life of something better than a brutal savage." No doubt he does; but on what compulsion are you to make him recognize a duty which brings no personal pleasure, when such pleasure is all the motive he allows?

Let me not be misunderstood. I believe in virtue and self-sacrifice, or I should be no Christian. But the point is whether, to the common man, you can justify virtue and self-sacrifice when you have denied his God, resolved his heaven into the boundless ether, and taught him to believe in mere physiology. I say, with past history open before me, that you will do no such thing. But the argument is all the stronger when we look at present and undeniable facts. Fifty years of discussion, ending in widespread doubt, have created not only new conditions under which the social forces must act, but new judgments regarding the way in which the human faculties ought to be exercised. We are living in a commercial era. It has made the tour of the world. Exploration, discovery, the taking in of fresh territories, and more intense cultivation of areas already occupied, have transformed our globe into one huge market, and a really "closed State" has become impossible. Science is the mother of these world-industries. But science, which can produce practically *ad infinitum*, in spite of Malthus, knows not as yet how to distribute its prod-

ucts so as to fulfil Huxley's demand. It cannot "fit as many as possible to survive."

For look at the facts and figures. Social misery is always with us in the shape of a residuum, to be counted by millions, who are on the brink of destitution. Degeneracy has become so menacing that Royal Commissions make it the subject of their inquiries. Crime does not diminish, though it changes its character from violence to cunning and robs where it used to commit murder. Outrages due to the animal passions are everywhere greatly on the increase. Low birth-rates, as we have seen, bear witness to the number of fraudulent marriages, never so frequent or so largely approved at any previous time in our national history, which from this point of view is now comparable to that of the declining Roman Empire. Divorces have grown to be familiar among the wealthy classes; desertion of wife or husband, and separation by the magistrate's fiat, among the working people. Speculation, betting, games of hazard, form the business or the amusement of women no less than men, to a degree which would have struck a generation not so bent on gain dumb with surprise and amazement. The drink-problem baffles legislation, confounds the preacher, and is explained by the physician as arising from nervous demands made by an overwrought temperament, by the high pressure at which every one lives, and the consequent feeble reaction to normal stimulus. Cynicism, pessimism, and other less describable tones, may be heard at dinner-tables, color conversation, have their schools in literature, and form no insignificant chapter in current politics and philosophy. There can be no question that, as a materialized civilization spreads in towns and even in villages, the rate of mental disturbance rises and asylums mark its growth. Last of all,

suicide, laying its dreadful grasp on children as well as their elders, closes the tragic record. Suicide is the most appalling result of a social order from beneath which the moral and religious supports have been, to an incredible extent, withdrawn.

Whatever lights may be stolen into this picture by an apologist for things as they are, the shadows remain. Facts and figures, I repeat, tell this melancholy tale. A general impression, not to be reasoned away by columns of prosperous imports and exports, does but confirm it. Our economics have not resolved the problem of national security at home or abroad. And our economics are the direct result of our accepted philosophic teaching. It has been purely atomic, aggressively individual. Why was it so? Because, when it had flung away in fierce disdain the old religious principles, it could preach no other than self-interest. We know that it tried hard. The patriarch of modern wealth-producing science, Adam Smith, after he had written his Old Testament of money-making, added to it his New Testament of love, which he called "sympathy." The "wealth of nations" was to find its justification in the "moral sentiments." A whole literature followed him up, or rather was derived from his ancestor Rousseau; it bore on its flag the device termed by Auguste Comte "Altruism," by Stuart Mill "Utilitarianism." In either case it was maintained that the self-regarding instinct of our nature is not the whole of it. Luther's doctrine of "total depravity," which experience as well as the ancient Churches called in question, was thrown aside, and man came forth from Rousseau's transforming process "naturally good," corrupted only by institutions. It was to this principle of "solidarity" that Professor Huxley would have turned for help towards the victory over what he combats as

"the fanatical individualism of our time." We note his admission that such has been the result hitherto of a philosophy which interprets evolution without God. But we cannot perceive any solid hope for the future in a mere utilitarian motive, not even when its object is society at large.

First, we say, the evidence of our own age tells against it. Men are endowed with an instinct of sympathy or fellow feeling, which prompts them to seek the happiness of the tribe as well as their own. Be it so. But when religious motives fall away, and men no longer seek to do the will of God, because whether there be any God they do not know, after what fashion, in what measure, will the sympathetic instinct have its course? Are periods of unbelief distinguished as periods of active benevolence? At any rate, is it true that the enormous operations in business which rule over and shape our daily lives, our commerce, politics, wars in South Africa, schemes of taxation, alliances and enmities, are striking examples of the philosophy which keeps in view its neighbor's good? Do trusts, combines, monopolies, and the stealing of public "franchises" in the United States prove that the "ethical best" is the rule of Wall Street? Shall we, in these and the like transactions, most of which set themselves clearly above the Law, acknowledge a moral greatness not attained by the Gospel? Nothing can be more certain than that millionaires are the kings, irresponsible and despotic, of the American Democracy. Just as little can it be denied that every year sees us in England drawing closer and closer to the American system. Is it one, then, of enhanced and expanding altruism? Or is it something altogether different, which illustrates much more decidedly the cosmic process than the fitting of as many as possible to survive?

In the conflict with such a new

"Golden Rule," what can be the result of "ethical endeavor," scattered, private, and without a sanction to reward its martyrs when they die? Like the co-operative movement, it may begin nobly, but forces, atmosphere, and interests will combine in our Western world to turn it astray, to give it the appearance of a sect, to detach its members from it as the common life, not the unselfish, makes more demands upon their strength and absorbs their hours.

At the best it will be a demonstration, not a campaign. For it is the attempt to put in practice a mere abstract proposition, to live upon a maxim and a formula. When we talk of the social instinct as, in some sense, balancing the instinct of self-preservation, we do not mean any copybook heading—we mean that human creatures were intended to find and to realize the better life in a well-ordered home. That is a law, not a maxim; and it will be obeyed, or else it will be revenged.

Here, to my mind, is the knot and here the *dénouement* will be found of all our English anxieties, which though but obscurely felt are none the less urgent. If agnostic principles mean anything whatever, they will bring after them a new conception of life, private and public, from which none of our institutions can be exempt. Well, then, let us hear a teacher who is never obsolete; let Edmund Burke instruct us while he looks with piercing insight upon the movement that inaugurated these changes in France and is now planting its trees of liberty on English soil. "All other nations," he tells his Parisian correspondent in 1790, "have begun the fabric of a new government, or the reformation of an old, by establishing originally, or by enforcing with greater exactness, some rites or other of religion. All other people have laid the foundations of civil freedom in severer manners, and a system of a

more austere and masculine morality." Burke held, as all wise men before him, that "religion is the basis of civil society"; and he feared that if Englishmen should throw off "that Christian religion which has hitherto been our boast and our comfort, and one great source of civilization amongst us, and amongst many other nations, . . . some uncouth, pernicious, and degrading superstition might take the place of it." The so-called "Positive philosophy" reveals itself in these lineaments.*

How now would Burke have judged concerning our "austere and masculine morality," could the tables have been laid in his view which assure us that England's homes are withering under a Malthusian blight? In what scathing terms would he not have denounced the rage for speculation which fills our courts every day with bankruptcy cases, cases of embezzlement and fraud, misrepresentation of facts, and all the shameful, sordid comedies, crossed by a line of blood, that from year's end to year's end furnish reading to a deluded and victimized nation? For these crimes are on the broadest scale. The shock is felt like an earthquake when some Jabez Balfour, putting religion into his prospectus, exploits it as a commercial asset and slays his ten thousands; or when a Whitaker Wright, on receiving the sentence of his villainies, takes poison and expires almost at the feet of the Judge. But "severer manners" do not mark that the shareholding world has repented. The new year will bring fresh balance-sheets not more to be trusted; gambling will be, yet more feverishly, the business of Englishmen; and there is little hope that divorce or fraudulent marriages will decrease.

But granting all this [the Agnostic may rejoin], how does it show that I

* Burke, ii., "Reflections on the Revolution in France," p. 311.

† Ibid. pp. 362, 363.

and my Agnosticism are in fault? Am I not myself a pattern citizen? Am I the keeper of marauders on the Stock Exchange? Your Balfours, Whitaker Wrights, and other cancerous growths of the social system, were not Agnostics, but, as a rule, professing or even active Christians. Why blame me for delinquencies in which I have taken neither scrip nor stock?

It is a fair challenge. We shall endeavor to meet it fairly and squarely, as it deserves. But first remark thus much. If our allegations are true—and we have borrowed them from official documents—no one can deny that a revolution in manners, ideas, and practices, affecting the very basis of life, is passing over society. Modern finance, with all its destructive consequences, is itself an effect due to the principles admitted and acted upon by modern nations; and that those principles are not the "ethically best," according to Professor Huxley's definition, surely needs no proof. Whether we quote the Standard Oil Trust in America, or instances nearer home, or again at Johannesburg, we may apply the gentle criticism of Disraeli in his fragment just given to the world; they are "transactions in which a fuller and larger degree of Christian forbearance might be desirable." The last words we should dream of using about them are that "in place of ruthless self-assertion" they "demand self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or treading down, all competitors," they "require that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help his fellows." Wherever else these rubrics of sympathy hold, it is not in company-promoting, nor is a "combine" yet ascertained to be the goodly fellowship of the saints. Promoters may be, in their own persons, church-goers and communicants; but the system by which they thrive and which overshadows laws, commerce, love, marriage, and the future of the nation, is founded on

a murderous rivalry between the strong and the weak.

That such a system could not be tolerated; that it would undergo reform or be swept away, if Christian ethics got the upper hand, is certain. The spirit of laws and not their letter determines how they shall find obedience. Not the wildest of dynamite apostles can charge upon the New Testament or on orthodox pulpits that merciless idea of competition which represents the "cosmic process"—as it is understood by Darwinians—transferred to society. How, then, does it happen that a syndicate of millionaires is governing whole peoples either in defiance of law or with its connivance, and that public opinion is languid or indifferent, or admires and envies the successful exploiter of his fellows? I am not pretending that a universal silence gives consent to the usurpations of money-lords; or that protests are not made here and there which may lead to better things in time. But this I do say, that we should not now find ourselves in a crisis of morality and civilization had the principles on which religion was once acknowledged not suffered severely at the hands of men—themselves often superior to their unbelief—who made it out to be a delusion, a sort of mirage or *cali miracula vana*, while the present world alone was real and worthy to be taken into account.

"Hesitating in the moment of decision, sceptical, puzzled and unresolved"—these are the epithets which Burke finds applicable to a man who has lost his first principles.* Will any one say that it is not a description of large numbers fallen a prey to the incoherence of latter-day teaching, pupils, so far as negatives are concerned, of the Agnostic who has supplanted the Christian? But to hesitate in moral conjunctures is to be lost. True marriage,

* Burke, *ubi supra*, p. 359.

homes undefiled, clean hands in trade, call for every degree of courage up to heroism; what need of all that if in a few years or days the curtain falls never to rise again? "Life has only a present and passing value; let us enjoy it." Such must be the reasoning of ordinary folk when their creed is demolished by the philosopher who declares that science is all the knowledge we have, and that to science God and the soul are unknown quantities. Can we for a moment suppose that the ne-science thus enforced by authority will create motives of action equivalent to the promises held out by faith? It will create a vacuum, and appetite will rule where religion is dead.

Believers have always insisted on these consequences to society of taking from it, as our ancestors would have spoken, the fear of God and the expectation of His judgment. If I make a point of quoting from a great conservative teacher such as Edmund Burke, my reason is that the prophecies he uttered a long hundred years ago are in course of fulfilment before our eyes. But it has been so ordered that confirmation strong should be given them by agnostics of a later date—yes, and by the prince of agnostics, Mr. Herbert Spencer. That witness, mournful and emphatic, spread over the concluding pages of his recently published *Autobiography*, deserves the most careful attention; at all events, it will not be suspected as either clerical in texture or due to any motive but the overpowering force of truth. Mr. Spencer declares as follows:

Many have, I believe, recognized the fact that a cult of some sort, with its social embodiment, is a constituent in every society which has made any progress; and this has led to the conclusion that the control exercised over men's conduct by theological beliefs and priestly agency, has been indispensable. The masses of evidence classified and arranged in the *Descriptive*

Sociology have forced this belief upon me independently; if not against my will, still without any desire to entertain it. So conspicuous are the proofs that among unallied races in different parts of the globe, progress in civilization has gone along with development of a religious system, absolute in its dogmas and terrible in its threatened penalties, administered by a powerful priesthood, that there seems no escape from the inference that the maintenance of social subordination has peremptorily required the aid of some such agency.*

What a clamor and a protest would not these words have called forth had Leo XIII. written them in one of his Encyclicals! Burke has expressed a sentiment which they almost over-color in language far more beautiful. He describes the English people of his own day as thinking themselves bound "in their corporate capacity to perform their national homage to the institutor, and author, and protector of civil society. . . . They conceive," he says, "that *He* who gave our nature to be perfected by our virtue, willed also the necessary means of its perfection. He willed therefore the State. He willed it in connection with the source and original archetype of all perfection." And thus the State itself becomes not, as Zarathustra terms it, a mere "refuge of the superfluous," but "a worthy offering on the high altar of universal praise."†

Yet that is not all. Mr. Spencer informs us that

this change of feeling towards religious creeds and their sustaining institutions has resulted from a deepening conviction that the sphere occupied by them can never become an unfilled sphere, but that there must continue to arise afresh the great questions concerning ourselves and surrounding things; and that, if not positive answers, then modes of consciousness standing in

place of positive answers, must ever remain.¹⁰

Habemus confidentem. The agnostic, in these remarkable passages, and the rest which I cannot here set down, proclaims that religion, as it is an everlasting, in like manner is it a social necessity. The empty negative, which leaves only a "cosmic process" of devouring and devoured, will create and sustain nothing human. On the other hand, it cannot fail to produce, as we may see for ourselves in the nations that suffer from it, and as Spencer lamented, an "indifference to everything beyond material interests and the superficial aspects of things." Ignorance of God lies at the root of social anarchy. It is fatal to genius. It has no words of condemnation for prudent vice. It has never yet convinced the pleasure-seeker that he had any duty to others except to get enjoyment out of them. The evidence is abundant and is accumulating that the agnostic negation is not simply negative. Under its influence, precepts most positive, shaping the creed of no small number, have risen from the deeps. When we look at the ways of business, fashion, literature, and at social statistics, a new Decalogue appears in view. What are its commandments? I seem to read among them these: "Thou shalt make money, have no children, commit adultery, plead in the divorce court, and such duties done, commit suicide." Not the individual only, but the nation, if it loses its old Christian prejudices, will enter on this journey towards Hades. The test and proof that a mistake has been made by our agnostic philosophers are to be found in the national decay which follows on their teaching, as darkness follows on eclipse. And by national decay nothing else is meant than the suicide of the race, consequent on frauds in mar-

* Spencer, "Autobiography," II. 467.

† Burke, II. p. 370.

¹⁰ Spencer, "Autobiography," p. 469.

riage, a dwindling birth-rate, unlimited divorce, degeneracy in offspring, the abuse of stimulants and of pleasure, the clouding of intellect, all which are fated to terminate in one disease—the denial of the will to live. Professor Huxley, to hinder this consummation, falls back on Christian ethics, which cannot flourish when the Gospel has been rejected. Mr. Herbert Spencer concludes a life spent in preaching

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agnostic science by affirming its bankruptcy in the past, its hopelessness in the future. We could not wish for a conjunction of proofs more formidable and more unexpected in support of Burke's great political axiom, that "the institutor, and author, and protector of civil society" is One whom our modern teachers refuse to have in their knowledge.

William Barry.

ON WEIGHING ATOMS.

To those who cull their knowledge of current science partly, at least, by means of occasional glances at more or less distorted images of single facets, such as are to be seen from time to time in the columns of the daily papers, I fear the title of this article may suggest that it is somewhat belated. Atoms! I hear them say, what is he thinking about? There are no atoms now, they have all been cut up into electrons and corpuscles. Who cares about the weights of the atoms at the beginning of the twentieth century?

And yet never, perhaps, since Dalton propounded his atomic hypothesis a century or so ago has the existence of these hypothetical particles seemed quite so probable, quite so believable as to-day. True it is that within the last few years some of our ideas about the chemical atoms have been modified profoundly. The hydrogen atom is no longer considered the smallest particle. If radium be indeed an element—and no one can deny that it exercises many of the functions of an element—then the atoms of Dalton can no longer be regarded as indestructible individuals, but rather must be looked upon as congeries of still smaller bodies, each atom forming a kind of diminutive heavenly system, so to speak, such as we might picture to ourselves by think-

ing about what we should see, or of what we should not see, if we gazed upon the heavens through the wrong end of an immense and powerful telescope. Yet, after all, the idea of the chemical atom remains, and the part it plays is not less but even more important than of yore. Still, the basis of most chemical speculation, the hydrogen atom, now, in addition, affords the physicist a jumping-place, whence he may start on some of his amazing flights into the regions where matter, energy, and electricity dissolving, as it were, into one another, almost escape the scrutiny even of his penetrating glances.

Here, then, is my excuse—and you have only to read Professor J. J. Thomson's lecture on "Bodies smaller than Atoms" to see that it is a good excuse—for asking the readers of the *Cornhill* to hark back, and dwell for a moment on such an old-time subject as the methods of weighing the chemical atoms.

In the last number of the *Cornhill* I endeavored to give those who are interested in matters of this kind a peep into the processes by which science has succeeded in weighing the earth, the sun, and other members of the heavenly constellations. The great difficulty, or rather one of the great

difficulties, in weighing the earth is its bigness. We not only cannot by any means get the earth into a scale pan, but we cannot even form a mental picture of such a process. When we contemplate the exploit of weighing an atom our difficulties are of the same order, but of the opposite kind. For atoms, if they exist, are far too small to be isolated. Think how many chemical atoms go to make up a single cubic centimetre of water, that is about as much as would go inside the shell of a small filbert, say, about 90,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 (ninety thousand million billion), and you will realize the nature of the task which John Dalton, of Manchester, presented to science when, by formulating his Atomic Theory, he made it an object to determine the sizes and masses of the atoms of the elements. How were Davy, Wollaston, and their colleagues, expert experimenters though they were, to perform a feat like this with the means then at their disposal? How were they to weigh bodies that could not be seen by means of the most powerful microscopes, nay, to be exact, bodies which very possibly might exist only in the minds of Dalton and his followers? Let us see how this task has been accomplished.

From the earliest times philosophers have pondered on the constitution of matter. Does everything consist of grains held together by some attracting force, or is matter continuous, homogeneous, much as a jelly seems to be to the human eye? That is the question. The poet-philosopher Lucretius and others among the ancients, and in more recent days the great Newton, ranged themselves on the side of the atoms; the latter declaring that to him it seemed probable "that God in the beginning formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, movable particles, . . . and that these primitive particles, being solids, are incomparably harder

than any porous bodies compounded of them; even so very hard as never to wear or break in pieces, no ordinary power being able to divide what God Himself made one in the first creation." And, finally, John Dalton, the greatest of the "Atomists" as those who upheld the grained structure theory of matter were once designated, placed the atomic hypothesis on a firm foundation by showing how it might be applied to the elucidation of chemical phenomena.

Let it be admitted that the matter of the universe is composed of minute, invisible particles, which have never been broken down or destroyed in the various physical and chemical changes to which we have subjected them, except conceivably in certain special cases connected with radio-active change. Let it be admitted, further, that there are as many kinds of atoms as there are chemical elements, say, about eighty, and that the weight of the atom of each element differs from that of the atom of every other element known to us. Then the question is, How can we compare the weights of these eighty different kinds of atoms?

Dalton himself made courageous attempts to solve this problem. But he was at a great disadvantage. He was able to give us reasons for thinking that the weights of the atoms of different elements are unequal, but to weigh them correctly was not yet possible in his time. In some cases he was able to state, approximately, the proportions in which the better known elements combine. He knew, for example, that in water one part of hydrogen is united with eight of oxygen.¹ But Dalton and his colleagues could not tell us whether these proportions of hydrogen and oxygen correspond to the union of one atom of hydrogen with one atom of oxygen or to the union of two atoms of hydrogen

¹ Dalton's value was somewhat lower than this.

with a single atom of oxygen, or to some other more complicated arrangement. And thus for a long time but little progress was made, except perhaps in Italy, where the delicate perceptions of Avogadro enabled him, as early as 1811, to recognize the existence of a silken thread which might have guided us into the right path many years before most of the chemists actually walked there.

Is it not plain that if all matter consists of minute indivisible particles which conform to a very limited number of types, and if all the thousands of compounds known to chemists are produced by the joining together of these atoms in various numbers, then there must be two distinct classes of particles to be considered—first, the atoms, and, secondly, various groups of atoms; each particular group probably corresponding to a given element, or to a given compound substance? In these latter groups, the *molécules intégrantes* of Avogadro as distinguished from the *molécules élémentaires* or atoms, we have the molecules of the modern chemist.

The obvious distinction between the atoms and molecules of the gaseous elements was recognized by Avogadro and Ampère at a very early stage. But it so happened that in their hands it was only fruitful when applied to the gases. And thus a quarter of a century elapsed before their ideas on this subject, and before Avogadro's famous hypothesis on the constitution of the gases, which teaches us that "in all elastic fluids"—gases—"observed under the same conditions the molecules are placed at equal distances," bore their predestined fruit in the hands of his eminent successor, Jean Baptiste André Dumas and of those who followed him.

As it would be impossible within the limits of half a score pages to give even a passing glance at the individual la-

bors of the small army of chemists who have struggled with the problem of weighing the atoms, we will now drop the historical details of our subject, and turn our attention to its broader aspects.

Let us see exactly where we stand. According to the teachings of Avogadro, Ampère, Dumas, and the modern chemist, matter exists in two distinct states of subdivision. First, there are the atoms, which as far as we know are quite indivisible by chemical means. Secondly, there are groups of atoms held together by some kind of attraction, and constituting the larger particles called molecules—a definite group corresponding to each element and to each compound; the distinction between elementary and compound molecules in terms of the atomic hypothesis being this, that in each of the former all the atoms are similar, and that the molecule may even consist of a single atom, whilst the molecules of compounds must contain, every one of them, atoms of at least two different kinds. Then, in addition, Avogadro's hypothesis teaches us that equal volumes of gases, if measured at the same temperature and pressure, contain equal numbers of molecules. This last statement is not absolutely true, but it approaches the truth sufficiently nearly for our purpose. It holds equally when applied to elementary gases like oxygen and hydrogen and to compounds like steam, which is composed, as we know, of oxygen and hydrogen, provided that the steam is really in the gaseous state, that is, if it is at a sufficiently high temperature.

Now, what Avogadro's hypothesis does for us is this. It enables us to get round the difficulty created by the excessive minuteness of atoms and molecules. Because if equal volumes of two gases contain equal numbers of molecules, then from the behavior of these equal volumes, or of any other

known volumes of these gases, when they react with one another or with other gases, we can draw conclusions as to the behavior of single molecules. For example, under suitable conditions two volumes of the gas hydrogen will combine with one volume of oxygen, and produce two volumes of water in the form of steam. It does not matter what volumes are taken; they may be cubic inches, pints, gallons, cubic centimetres, what you will, provided that they correspond to the proportions mentioned above.

Now suppose that in a given case the one volume of oxygen contained one billion molecules of oxygen. Then would it not follow from Avogadro's hypothesis that the two volumes of hydrogen contained two billion molecules of hydrogen, and that the two volumes of steam produced by their combination contained two billion molecules of steam?

But if this is so, then one billion molecules of oxygen will unite with two billion molecules of hydrogen and yield two billion molecules of steam; or, dividing each of these numbers by one billion, we find that one molecule of oxygen will unite with two molecules of hydrogen and produce two molecules of steam.

Thus, the hypothesis affords us a bridge, as it were, by which we can pass from large volumes of gases which we can handle to the minuter molecules, which individually are invisible, intangible, and only to be clearly conceived, in fact, by the exercise of a well-trained imagination.

Before we proceed to apply the teachings of Avogadro in our attempt to solve the problem of weighing an atom, there is one other illustration which will help us to realize its value. It is easy to see that in each molecule of a compound there must be at least one atom of each constituent element, and, accordingly, that such molecules must

be made up of two, three, four, or some larger number of atoms. But it is by no means equally easy to form an opinion about the molecules of the elements; to decide, for example, whether these consist of single atoms or of pairs, of triplets, or of yet more complex groups. Now this is a question of considerable importance.

We know, as has already been explained, that one volume of oxygen will combine with two volumes of hydrogen and produce two volumes of steam, or, substituting as before molecules for volumes, that a molecule of oxygen will unite with two molecules of hydrogen and yield two molecules of water in the form of steam. This tells us just what we want to learn. For since there must be at least one atom of oxygen in each of these two molecules of water—that is, two atoms of oxygen in the two molecules of water taken together—it is clear that the molecule of oxygen from which they were produced must itself have contained at the very least two such atoms, for it would be inconsistent with the whole body of chemical knowledge to suppose that a single atom of any kind is created in the course of any chemical change. By similar experiments, supplemented by similar reasoning, we can arrive at the constitution of other elementary molecules, and we find that while hydrogen molecules and many others are diatomic like oxygen, others again are differently constituted, some, *e.g.* ozone, the more active phase of oxygen, being composed of three atoms, others of four, and so on; whilst some, for example quicksilver and argon, have molecules which are composed of single atoms.

Before we may hope to follow the processes, simple as they are in principle, involved in weighing an atom, we have still to gain a really definite idea of what it is we want to weigh.

At present we are too nearly in the position of the chemists of a century ago, for it was just the want of a really definite and correct idea of an atom that made it so difficult for Dalton and his immediate successors not only to fix atomic weights, but even to argue with one another comfortably about them. Let us, then, endeavor to throw our notions into a more precise form.

Every one is familiar with the element carbon, which exists in the forms of soot, diamond, and black lead. Most of us know that carbon is one of the most important of all the elements; that its compounds are vastly more numerous than those of any other single element, and perhaps more numerous than those of all the other elements taken together; that it is one of the chief components of the tissues of all animals and all vegetables. And some, perhaps, are aware that many of the carbon compounds are gases, or become gaseous at high temperatures, and that, consequently, this element lends itself well to our purpose. Therefore, let us try to answer the question, What do we mean, exactly, by an atom of carbon?

Since atoms have never yet been divided in ordinary cases of chemical change, and since they unite to form the larger and more complex individuals called molecules, one thing seems quite clear. If we can discover what is the smallest quantity of carbon that is present in any one of the molecules which contain carbon, we shall have a quantity which must correspond to the weight of one, two, or more atoms of that element: a weight which may be greater than that of an atom of carbon, and, if so, must be an exact multiple of its atomic weight, but which cannot be less than the weight of a single atom of carbon, since no molecule can contain less than an atom of any constituent element. These considerations

carry us a step forward, and plant our feet on comparatively firm ground, but they leave us in need of a standard of reference.

In the earliest attempts to compare the "weight" of the earth with the weights of the heavenly bodies, it was found impossible, for a time, to express the values calculated from astronomical observations in accordance with any of the common standards such as the gram, the ounce, or the pound. Accordingly, the earth itself was adopted as the standard, and was said to have the density 1; the density of the sun, which is one quarter as great as that of the earth, being expressed by the figures 0.25, that of Venus and Mars as 0.9, and so on. We meet with exactly the same difficulty in the case of the atoms. It is true that it is possible to make shrewd guesses at, or perhaps I might say to estimate, the weights of atoms, and one of these estimates puts the weight of an atom of hydrogen, for example, at about the forty-million-million-millionth part of nine one hundred-thousandths of a gram, a gram being $15\frac{1}{2}$ grains; but for several reasons it is thought sounder to take an atom of hydrogen as our standard, and, for the sake of simplicity, to say that this weighs 1; hydrogen being chosen because its atoms are the lightest, although there are certain practical objections to the selection.

Now suppose we were to obtain and analyze samples of all the compounds formed by hydrogen with other elements, and also samples of every compound containing carbon, and in this way ascertained the respective proportions of hydrogen and carbon in 100 parts of every compound. And suppose, further, that we determined also the weight of the molecule of every one of these compounds. Then, by doing a number of sums in proportion we could find what proportion of hydrogen is present in a molecular weight of each

compound containing hydrogen, and what proportion of carbon is present in a molecular weight of every compound containing carbon. If we did all this I think we should discover the smallest quantity of carbon in a molecular weight of any carbon compound to be twelve times as great as the smallest quantity of hydrogen in a molecular weight of any compound of hydrogen, and I express this opinion by saying that atoms of carbon are twelve times as heavy as atoms of hydrogen.

In practice, however, we have to content ourselves with something far less exhaustive than the tremendous research outlined in the previous paragraph. There are thousands and thousands of compounds containing carbon and hydrogen. We do not know the composition of all these compounds, and we do not know their molecular weights in every case, and therefore we must be satisfied with some scheme far less ambitious than the ideal one which I have put before you. We might, for example, find the composition and molecular weights of as many compounds of carbon and of hydrogen as circumstances permit, and then, because we can do nothing better, take for the weight of an atom of carbon the smallest quantity of carbon we have found in a molecular weight of any compound containing carbon, compared with the smallest quantity of hydrogen found in a similar manner in a molecular weight of any compound containing hydrogen. The atomic weight of carbon thus arrived at is 12. If we extend the idea of an atom as thus defined to the other elements, you will see we may say that the atomic weight of any element is the smallest weight of that element yet discovered in any molecule containing it compared with the atomic weight of hydrogen ascertained in a similar manner and taken as 1. In short, the atomic weights of the chemists give us the relative

weights of the atoms. They tell us that carbon atoms are twelve times as heavy as hydrogen atoms, oxygen atoms sixteen times as heavy, and so on; but since we do not definitely know how many hydrogen atoms go to make a gram, we cannot give any similar information about the weights of the other atoms either. We are not, in fact, quite so far advanced in the process of weighing the minute atoms as in that of weighing the great globe, the earth. Nevertheless, even in this direction, as has already been said, a certain amount of progress has been made.

I hope that now my readers have gained in a general way a tolerably distinct idea of what we mean by the weights of atoms, and that they realize the part played by Avogadro's hypothesis in fixing these weights. If equal volumes of two gases contain equal numbers of similar molecules, is it not clear that the weights of these equal volumes must be proportional to the weights of the individual molecules which compose them; and that if we desire to learn the compositions of the molecules of the two substances we have only to analyze equal volumes of them in order to discover what we wish to know?

Guided by these considerations, we see that to ascertain the relative atomic weight of an element we must analyze as many compounds of the element as possible, deduce the molecular weights of these compounds from their densities² in the gaseous state, as indicated by the famous hypothesis of Avogadro; and then take as the atomic weight of the element the quantity present in a molecular proportion of that compound which contains the element in the smallest proportion. The actual process of weighing an atom is not, truly, by any means so simple as

² The weights of equal volumes of gases are known as their densities.

my words suggest. There are two serious sources of error. First, it is not easy, though it has been done in some cases, to compare the weights of equal volumes of gases very exactly. Hence molecular weights based upon the densities of gases are apt to be less close to the truth than we could wish. Secondly, much depends on the chemist including among the compounds he analyzes that particular compound which contains the element he studies in the smallest proportion; on his being able to prepare that compound in a highly purified state; on its being a substance which lends itself to exact analysis, and also one whose vapor density can be determined. Thus there are many pitfalls, and failure, as you will perceive, on any single point may be fatal to the final result.

Some one has said that an essayist is, or ought to be, an ambassador from the realms of literature, science, or art. I take it to be the business of such an ambassador to enlighten rather than to teach; that it is his duty to treat the subject of his essay broadly rather than minutely; to avoid rather than to revel in details; and, above all, to put aside every kind of technicality if he can possibly create the impression he desires without it. He may even invent illustrations, and use his inventions in the place of real cases in order to keep clear of the complexities which so frequently overlie scientific investigations and hide the truth from those who look on from the outside. And I ought perhaps to confess here that in the preceding pages I have exercised my function as an ambassador in a liberal spirit; that though I have given, as I believe, a true picture of the ideas on which the method of weighing atoms is based, my account of the matter is really a picture and not a photograph. So little is this account photographic, in fact, that if, within the next few days, any of my readers should turn

over the pages of a book on the fixing of atomic weights, they might perhaps rub their eyes and wonder what bearing the matter in the book could possibly have on the process of atom-weighing as described in this article. Nevertheless, my account is not a dream; it really tells you what the chemist tries to measure in his researches on the weights of atoms, and shows, in outline, the foundations on which his methods of compassing his object rest. But having now broken ground, and given, as I hope, sound ideas if but little knowledge of our subject, I shall treat the remaining portions somewhat differently.

I have already said how very difficult it may be to follow precisely the line of work suggested in the earlier parts of this essay. Even if this were not so, however, we should still seek light from other directions. In science, as in the law courts, we are compelled sometimes to rely upon the evidence of a single witness—that is, on a single fact. When two facts seem to be in conflict, we may be driven to decide which is the more credible of the two. But we prefer, of course, to have independent confirmatory evidence before us, and as much of it as possible. Hence ever since the problem of weighing the atoms was first seriously attacked, chemists have been on the lookout for new methods. We want, first, further methods of weighing molecules, so that the ideas expounded above may be applied in the case of substances which have not been made gaseous—that is to say, to cases which are not covered by Avogadro's hypothesis; and, secondly, science demands further methods of weighing atoms, in order that we may control the results obtained by working along the lines already suggested.

Fortunately, as we shall see, atoms and molecules have other measurable qualities besides mass, and thus the

resources we seek are at our disposal. These resources, in fact, though not exactly abundant, are sufficiently varied and extensive to compel us, here, to restrict our attention to a few illustrations. First, let us consider the case of the molecules.

Avogadro has shown us how to deduce the relative weights of the molecules of gaseous substances from their densities, but unfortunately many substances cannot be made gaseous. Raoult, the French physicist, has come to our aid here, and has taught us how to weigh the molecules of substances when they are dissolved in water or other solvents.

Unfortunately, again, some substances, when heated to the point at which they turn into vapor, do not merely undergo a physical transformation like that which occurs when water is converted into steam, but are for the time being destroyed—that is, converted into new things altogether—with the result that if we calculate the weights of their molecules from their densities we draw completely wrong conclusions. Chemists have learnt how to detect these substances, however, and, moreover, have invented chemical methods of weighing molecules which can be applied to these and other cases of a similar kind. These two examples are very far from sufficient; they do not exhaust our resources nor do they fully cover the ground. But they will give a good idea of our resources, and, the reader's time and probably his patience being limited, they must suffice.

Raoult's beautiful method of weighing molecules is based on the freezing-points of solutions. Everyone knows that sea water freezes much less readily than river or spring water. This is due to the solid matter which sea water contains. And it is a curious and interesting fact, speaking generally, that adding a little foreign matter, such as sugar, to pure water not

only lowers the freezing-point of the latter, but acts in such a way that the effect produced is very simply related to the molecular weight of the solid dissolved, except in the case of solutions which conduct electricity. It may sound almost absurd, but is nevertheless true, that by observing the temperature at which a dilute solution of sugar freezes a chemist can determine the weights of the molecules of sugar compared with the weight of an atom of hydrogen. The process cannot even be said to be very difficult, for quite respectable results can be got by capable schoolboys after a little practice. All that is wanted is a chemical balance, a delicate thermometer, a few glass tubes and basins, some ice, and the power to use them. Nor is the idea of the method difficult to follow. If you take half a dozen suitable substances, all of known molecular weight; dissolve weighed quantities of each separately in known quantities of water, so as to obtain dilute solutions; observe the temperatures at which these solutions freeze, and then, from your results, calculate the freezing-points of a set of similar but stronger solutions containing respectively a molecular weight in grams³ of each solid to one hundred grams of water, you will find in every case that the calculated freezing-point is not far distant from -19° C. There are exceptions to this rule, but these can be accounted for; and thus, if we can determine the number of grams of a given substance which must be dissolved in 100 grams of water in order to produce a solution which will freeze at -19° C., we shall have its approximate molecular weight, unless the substance belongs to one of those classes which are known not to conform to Raoult's rule. Other solvents may be employed in place of water,

³ The molecular weight of "common salt" is 58.3; its molecular weight in grams, accordingly, is 58.3 grams.

and other physical properties—*e.g.* the temperature at which solutions of known strength boil—can also be made use of, but we must not dwell upon these here.

Soon after Dumas re-directed attention to the methods of applying Avogadro's hypothesis to the weighing of molecules, it was found that in certain cases it led to results which chemists were quite unable to accept. This brings us to a chemical method of weighing molecules.

The vapor density of sulphuric acid suggests that its molecule must be forty-nine times as heavy as an atom of hydrogen. Now no chemist can admit that this is correct.

When sulphuric acid is mixed with an alkali, such as soda, in certain proportions its acid qualities are destroyed—it is, as we say, neutralized—and if we analyze the new substance thus produced we find that the hydrogen of the original acid is gone and the metal sodium reigns in its stead. If, however, we vary the amount of soda used, if we take half as much soda as is necessary to neutralize a given weight of acid, or twice as much, or one-third as much, and so on, we discover, sooner or later, that we can get two distinct salts from sulphuric acid and soda, and no more. We find, moreover, that in one of these salts all the hydrogen of the acid is replaced by sodium, in the other only half. Now, if the hydrogen in the molecules of the acid exists there in the form of indivisible atoms, as the atomic theory asserts, does it not follow, since we can only expel this hydrogen in two stages, first one-half, and then the second half, that each molecule of the acid must contain two atoms of hydrogen, no more and no less? But if this is so, if each molecule of sulphuric acid contains exactly two atoms of hydrogen, then that weight of acid which contains these two atoms—that is, for prac-

tical purposes, two parts of hydrogen—will be its molecular weight. Now analysis shows that ninety-eight parts of sulphuric acid contain two parts of hydrogen, and the chemists therefore say that its molecular weight is 98, not 49.

Perhaps you may ask, Does not this force us to abandon Avogadro's hypothesis? No, it does not do this. It only warns us to take care that we do not apply it to the case of a substance like sulphuric acid, which splits up when heated. And as usually it is not very difficult to detect such substances, Avogadro's hypothesis stands unshaken.

And now we must consider, in conclusion, one or two other characteristic properties of the atoms which we can apply in the operation of weighing them. One of the most remarkable and important of these, which can only be mentioned in passing, is connected with the shapes of the crystals into which they enter; another of equal importance, and more easy for laymen to follow, is their capacity for heat.

There is a familiar experiment in physics which consists in making several balls equal in weight but composed of different metals equally hot by placing them in boiling water and then quickly transferring them to a slab of wax. When this is done the metallic masses sink into the wax at very different rates, some melting much wax and making large holes, others melting little wax and making holes which are smaller. This is due to the fact that equal weights of different metals take up unequal quantities of heat when their temperatures rise through equal numbers of degrees, say, for example, from 0° C. to 100° C., and therefore, in accordance with a well-known principle, give out unequal quantities of heat during the subsequent process of cooling. About the year 1819 it occurred to Dulong and

Petit to consider the effect of taking, instead of equal weights of the elements, atomic weights, or rather quantities proportional to their atomic weights. Thus, the atomic weight of iron being 56 and that of copper and tin 63 and 118, they did not study the behavior of 1 gram or of 10 grams of each, but that of 56 grams of iron, 63 grams of copper, and 118 grams of tin. The result was very remarkable. They found that the quantity of heat required to raise an atomic proportion of a metal from 0° C. to 100° C., or through any corresponding range of temperature, was nearly the same in each case. Here, then, we have a new and splendid criterion to help us to fix atomic weights. The atoms of the elements have, approximately, equal capacities for heat. If a certain quantity of heat is required to raise an atomic proportion, say, 56 grams, of iron from the freezing-point to the boiling-point of water, then an approximately equal quantity of heat will be needed to raise an atomic proportion of any other metal through an equal range of temperature. When once this quantity of heat has been fixed, then to find the atomic weight of a new element we have only to ascertain by an experiment, not a very easy one however, how much of the new element absorbs this quantity of heat in passing from 0° C. to 100° C. This is, in effect, the famous rule of Dulong and Petit. The results obtained by its aid are not very exact, because the necessary experiments are not easily carried out under suitable conditions. But this does not very much matter, for we have the means of correcting them. A more serious defect lies in the fact that whilst the rule applies well to the metals, which form the majority of the elements, it does not do equally good service in the case of such elements as carbon, silicon, and boron. But here, again, forewarned

is forearmed. We have only to be cautious when we study non-metals, and no harm will befall. Dulong and Petit's rule has done chemistry great service.

One more illustration, and I have done. From early days chemists have been in the habit of arranging many of the elements in groups or families according to their resemblances. When studying these groups they gradually recognized signs that there exists some connection between the properties and atomic weights of the members of these groups, and in 1864 an Englishman, Mr. J. A. R. Newlands, was on the verge, as it seems to us now, of fully discovering the law subsequently worked out by Professor Mendeléeff in Russia and by Professor Lothar Meyer in Germany, now widely known as the Periodic Law, which enabled the former to predict the existence of a number of elements and to foretell their chief chemical and physical properties *and their atomic weights*. According to this law the properties of the elements vary periodically with the weights of their atoms, so that if they are arranged in the order of their atomic weights similar elements recur at somewhat regular intervals; the eighth element resembling the first, the ninth resembling the second, and so on, which enables us to foretell the properties of an element if we know its atomic weight, or to foretell its atomic weight if we are acquainted with its properties. This state of affairs seems unlikely to be the result of mere accident—the chances against that are too great—and thus it affords us a distinctly useful means of checking atomic weights selected upon other considerations. The Periodic Law does not by itself enable us to make close determinations of the weights of atoms. But this does not much matter. For in every case, in practice, the actual selection of the atomic weight of an

element is controlled by the fact that, as any given atom in combining with hydrogen must unite with one, two, or more atoms of hydrogen, the true atomic weight of the element must be an exact multiple of the quantity which

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will combine with a single atom or one part of hydrogen. This, however, brings up another subject—viz. the methods of fixing “the combining numbers” of the elements, which is far too big a matter to touch at this stage.

W. A. Shenstone.

FROM THE TOLL-BAR OF THE GALATA BRIDGE.

Who, that has ever visited Constantinople, can fail to remember the picturesque bridge which, by uniting the Port of Galata with the opposite coast, makes a convenient, though somewhat uneven, roadway by which the foreign tourist can proceed from his hotel at Péra to the wonderful mosques and bazaars of Stamboul?

To the fascinating Eastern city, built, like Rome, upon its seven hills, this bridge is, in one respect, what the Ponte Vecchio is to Florence, though with a difference. The two bridges are no more really alike than are the Arno and the Golden Horn, though both are prominent features in the landscape as the eye travels up or down the sunny expanse of rippling water. The resemblance, if it can be so called, is purely sentimental, arising probably from the fear that both bridges may be doomed to destruction at no very distant date.

If the capital of the Turkish Empire in Europe were ever to pass into the hands of the Giaour, the Galata Bridge would, probably, be one of the first relics of the past to be swept away in order to give place to something more after the pattern of Putney or Hammersmith, while the Ponte Vecchio, as most of us are aware, has only been saved from destruction at the hands of its own townsfolk by the intercession of the stranger.

In spite of its venerable and weather-beaten appearance, the Galata Bridge

is not, in reality, what can be called “old” (for a *bridge*, at any rate)—particularly at Constantinople, where, compared with almost every other building of importance, it is decidedly modern. It was constructed as lately as in 1845, by the grandmother of the present Sultan—who derived a large income from the tolls—in the place of a bridge of boats, which connected the Kapan with Azab Kapu, in former days, so that it must have grown prematurely old, simply by reason of the immense amount of traffic that is perpetually passing over it, just as the heart of a man may become aged and worn when it is continually a prey to recurring and varied emotions. It is fashioned, for the most part, of gray-lichened wood, loosely jointed together, through the holes and crevices in which one can look down at the twinkling waters of the Golden Horn, that are said, just here, to be of enormous depth. Towards the centre it hunches up its back like the dorsal bone of a mammoth, and the great iron ribs and girders that intersect it at regular distances seem as if they would almost shake soul and body asunder every time that one jolts or clatters over them upon wheels. In the evening, when, beyond the heights above Stamboul, the mosques, and minarets, and pointed cypress-groves rise sharply defined against the brilliant hues of the sky, the scene is impressive in the extreme:

A blaze of lurid gold, and daylight sets
 Behind the cypress-spires, where dead
 men lie
 Beneath their turban'd tombstones,
 and the sky
 Is dappled with the hue of violets;
 Here gleams the Golden Horn, with
 fishers, nets,
 And all the fleet of varied ships that
 fly
 The flags of half the world, and there,
 on high,
 The city with its mosques and min-
 arets,

while, at this same hour, when "day-
 light sets," the great dome of the Yeni
 Valideh Mosque might almost seem to
 be a purple mountain, overshadowing
 that part of the bridge which is nearest
 to the Stamboul side.

A stranger, taken to this bridge for
 the first time and set down upon a
 camp-stool close to one of its toll-gates,
 might well be excused for imagining
 that almost every sort and condition
 of man and beast were defiling past
 him for his own special delectation and
 amusement. No two figures, or groups
 of figures, are alike, as they go stream-
 ing and jangling over it all day long,
 from year's end to year's end, without
 seeming ever to pause for even a mo-
 ment to take breath. Here are only a
 few of them: A small black brougham,
 or *coupé*, containing three pale, moon-
 faced, ox-eyed ladies of the Imperial
 harem, their dusky, long-legged guar-
 dian grinning and displaying his white
 teeth upon the box-seat. A fat Pasha,
 arrayed in full regimentals and wear-
 ing numerous decorations, caracoling
 along upon an Arab charger, with
 floating tail and dancing fly-flicker, fol-
 lowed by two *aides de camp* in shabby
 threadbare uniforms, mounted upon
 ungroomed steeds. A lumbering, creak-
 ing farmer's wagon, laden with cooped
 poultry and melons, drawn by a couple
 of black, white-eyed water buffaloes,
 their necks decorated with light blue
 china beads, as a protection against

the evil eye, escorted by a handsome
 young countryman in a turban, rolling
 along, in ragged but picturesque gar-
 ments, his feet and legs bound round
 with string, like parcels, and bearing in
 his hand a long green cane, with which
 he occasionally prods and tickles the
 patient creatures under his charge, al-
 though he must know quite well that
 no amount of prodding or tickling will
 ever induce them to quicken the snail's
 pace that is theirs by right of inheri-
 tance. The cake and sweetmeat man
 comes tramping along next, the little
 three-legged table upon which he dis-
 plays his wares slung to his back, his
 head confronting the advancing foot
 passengers in a butting attitude, and
 two French Sisters of St. Jacob, with
 flapping white caps, step out into the
 roadway to let him pass. These kind
 Sisters bring up, and educate, little
 female waifs and strays of all denomi-
 nations, and instruct them in needle-
 work and in the mysteries of "the one
 true Faith." Report says that, by pur-
 chasing the flesh of pig at a merely
 nominal price from the Mussulman
 peasants, by whom it is considered
 an abomination, these good ladies are
 enabled to carry on their benevolent
 projects upon very economical lines.
 These pigs, like the poor pariah dogs
 of the city, that lie curled up all day,
 often upon the very lines of the tram-
 way, at their own imminent risk, and
 then go "on the rampage" every night
 at twelve-thirty (for I have timed them
 to a minute), are looked upon by the
 Turks as scavengers, and, therefore,
 as unclean and abominable. But if the
 Mussulman will not eat the pig, the pig
 —lean, long-legged, and with a terribly
 serviceable snout—is not nearly so
 fastidious. A friend of mine, riding
 out one evening among the hills, not
 far from a solitary village, came upon
 two of these creatures engaged in ex-
 cavations in a graveyard, which, like
 most village burial-grounds in Turkey,

was unenclosed by wall or paling, nor could he succeed, in spite of all his efforts, in driving them away. (I hope these pigs were not of those that were afterwards sold to the worthy Sisters of St. Jacob!)

A family of tourists, English or American, now make their appearance; youths and maidens, and elderly ladies, clad, for the most part, in unbecoming raiment, and an old gentleman in spectacles who walks first and carries a guide-book. "What I want to see," says a tall good-looking girl in blue serge, wearing a round hat, as she stops dead short in the middle of the bridge, thus obstructing the traffic, "is that old Golden Horn of which I have heard so much!" and she throws up her chin in the direction of the Genoese Tower, as though expecting some manifestation from on high. A party of jolly jack-tars, from the British gunboat, in clean white suits, look round, smiling as they catch the familiar tones of their native tongue, but turn serious immediately afterwards, doffing their straw hats, as they encounter the procession escorting a Greek funeral; the body, that of a young girl, exposed to view, according to Greek custom, tricked out in a garland of orange blossoms, a white ball-dress, with fan and lace pocket-handkerchief in one of the wan listless hands, and two poor little feet, in high-heeled white satin shoes, which wobble from side to side as the bier passes over the clattering iron girders. This is, no doubt, some poor young lady—a bride, perhaps, to judge by her wreath of orange blossom—who must have died somewhere upon the Stamboul side of the water, at Yenî Kapou, or some other Greek settlement, and who is being conveyed, thus, to her family vault in the smart new cemetery at Chichli, where have arisen, of late, so many imposing monuments. The tall girl, who is still seeking for the Golden Horn, stares curi-

ously at the gorgeously robed priests chanting their lugubrious monotone, and then, catching sight of the corpse, starts, looks frightened, and hastens on in the footsteps of her family.

Now comes my old friend the dancing bear, led by a jovial, but ferocious-looking, nomad—a kind of mongrel gipsy-man, with gleaming, wolfish teeth and matted hair, who comes swinging along beating upon a "tom-tom," followed by a wild-looking boy, playing upon a whistle-pipe. The poor bear looks downwards through the chinks of the bridge at the glittering water, and one can only guess at what may be passing in his mind! He does not even look up now, when a whole flock of sheep, "ring-streaked" and parti-colored, like the flocks of Jacob, hailing from the Balkan plains, their shepherd bearing a certain resemblance to his own hard task-master, pass, bleating, over the bridge, from the Galata side, though the fierce cream-colored sheepdog that accompanies them snarls at him savagely, and shows his fangs. If these poor sheep ever cross over the bridge a second time, they will do so, probably, in the irresponsible form of *Kébohs*, threaded upon long wooded skewers, borne by a man who, like the vendor of sweetmeats, has a little three-legged table strapped to his back; for I fear they are all on their way to the shambles!

Talking of "shambles," here come a few survivors of those unfortunate men who were, recently, so mercilessly butchered in the streets of Péra in broad daylight—Armenian *hammals*, as they are called, hewers of wood and drawers of water, and, above all, bearers of the most stupendous weights. They are employed, at the different embassies and legations, as underlings in kitchen, laundry, and stables, and are, in general, as patient and long-suffering as most typical beasts of burden. At the time of the

mysterious attack upon the Ottoman Bank, when a band of desperadoes, said to have been educated Armenians from Odessa, after shooting down the Croat who acted as porter, and threatening to blow up the whole building, dictated their own terms to the dragoman of the Russian Embassy from its principal windows, any of these poor *hammals* that happened to be abroad in the streets, and who knew nothing of what was taking place, were brained, then and there, by the Turkish police, who appeared upon the scene, armed with bludgeons, simultaneously with the attack upon the bank. The order had gone forth to slay the Armenians, however peaceable and inoffensive they might be—an order that emanated mysteriously from *nowhere*, as was subsequently affirmed—and for forty-eight hours the Armenians were slain accordingly, with perfect *sangfroid*, and as deliberately and good-humoredly as it may be given to men to slay their neighbors. Then, from the same unacknowledged quarter, came an order that the massacre should cease, and the butchery came at once to an end, for the Turk is the very soul of obedience. Who sent these orders that were only too conscientiously obeyed? This is a great mystery, though some people pretended to have solved it. But then "some people" pretend to know everything! At any rate all the stories that were current about "religious fanaticism," "racial hatred," and the like, were merely pure inventions or ignorant suppositions.

"Your Government could be very severe upon rebels," one of our diplomatic colleagues remarked to me when we were discussing these events, alluding to punishments inflicted by the British Government upon the insurgent Sepoys during the Indian Mutiny, and upon our Fenian prisoners in later times. I explained to him, however, that, although those who were con-

victed of treason were very properly subjected to certain penalties, it was not our custom to massacre, indiscriminately, all those who were of the same nationality as the offending persons; that our peaceable Indian subjects had been allowed to remain in peace, and that unoffending Irishmen were not beaten to death in the streets of London, or butchered in their own homes, just because they happened to be Irish.

One of the Armenians, who is now crossing the bridge, is carrying a grand pianoforte upon his back. This is no unusual sight, as they are nearly always men of herculean strength. But mere thews and muscle would have availed them but little had they resisted the Turkish authorities. Seeing that they were unarmed and foredoomed, resistance would only have prolonged their agonies. Perhaps, if this scrap of history should ever repeat itself, a day may dawn when it will not be so easy to find, in Constantinople, men who can each carry a grand piano upon their shoulders without assistance.

A string of pack-horses come next, bearing stones, slung in baskets upon each side of their peaked wooden pack-saddles, goaded on by rough-looking men wearing the fez and a miscellaneous assortment of many-colored tatters, who, I have been told, are Persians. Certainly they do not display any of that consideration for their beasts that I had been led to expect from the Turks, though this "consideration" often assumes rather too negative a form. A Turk dislikes taking the life of any creature (except man, upon occasion), but he too often appears to be absolutely indifferent to the sufferings of the animals he spares. These poor pack-horses, whether owned by Turk or Persian, are turned out to die in the chill mountain valleys when they are too utterly worn out to have either an hour's work, or a kick, left

in them. By a refinement of cruelty, or of carelessness, perhaps, the wooden pack, with all its galling thongs and fastenings, is left strapped to their emaciated carcasses to the last, and it is indeed a piteous sight to behold these unfortunate creatures, halt, lame, and very often stone-blind, hobbling about awaiting the end, and endeavoring to prolong their miserable existences by cropping the scanty herbage with their long teeth. I remember, one afternoon, when on my way back from the Austrian Embassy, which was then situated at Buyukdere, coming upon one of these melancholy objects, "the very spectre of a steed," lying in his death agony, almost in the centre of the great valley of the mighty plane trees, where Godfrey de Bouillon is said to have encamped, with his Crusaders, in the old time.¹ As he lay there, dying, he might have been a white rag flung down upon the sward to dry, so lean was he, or the semblance of a horse, cut out of paper, but for the cruel pack, "a world too wide," which peaked up from his almost fleshless ribs. Some twenty or thirty pariah dogs sat round him in a circle, biding their time, all in the same position, and each one wearing the same *figure de circonstance*, suggestive of regretful sympathy. They are said never to start upon their meal until the breath is actually out of the poor exhausted body. Next day, when I happened to pass the same way, I saw only his white skeleton. His bones had not taken long to pick, and he could scarcely have satisfied even one of that hungry multitude.

A lady in a pink shot-silk dress and white *yashmak* comes along next, coquettishly veiled up to her languishing black eyes, the gossamer adding to the attractiveness of features that might perhaps have been a little heavy without it. She is attended by a hideous

old negress in black satin, carrying a scarlet parasol. A lady of Stamboul, evidently, on her way to do a little shopping in Péra. It is odd that the Turks, who so jealously seclude the ladies of their families when at home, should so often allow them to take their walks abroad accompanied only by a female slave, who might, not impossibly, be accessible to the overtures of an aspiring admirer, and, above all, when they are disguised in a dress which might fulfil all the requirements of a domino. These little shopping expeditions, however, must so pleasantly relieve the monotony of harem life that one can only rejoice to think that these poor ladies are, apparently, so frequently permitted to indulge in them.

A band of Lazahs—dwellers, when at home, upon the Asiatic coast of the Black Sea—come hurrying along next. Tall, lithe, handsome men, though of somewhat ferocious aspect, dressed in picturesque costume, their sashes and waist-belts stuck full of all manner of murderous weapons. I had a good opportunity once of studying the features of some of these Lazahs at close quarters—rather *too* close, some people might consider, perhaps!

I had driven, one hot afternoon, from Therapia to the Forest of Belgrade, intending to sketch the house in the adjacent village which was said to have been occupied by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu during the summer of 1717 (O.S.) when she was, like myself, the wife of the British Ambassador. It was a long, low building, constructed of wood like the other houses in the village, but distinguished from them by its superior size, and by some rather nice carving over the doorway. Whoever had once lived there, it was fast falling to decay, and I saw that if I wanted to sketch it, it must be now or never. Here is Lady Mary's description of her surroundings, in a letter

¹ 1096.

addressed to Pope, dated "Belgrade Village, the 17th June, 1717."

The heats of Constantinople [she writes] have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian Fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit-trees, watered by a vast number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks upon short grass, that seems to me artificial, but, I am assured, is the pure work of nature.

I have never yet visited "the Elysian Fields," except those of Paris, which certainly bear no resemblance whatever to the Belgrade village, or forest, of to-day. There is no sign, now, of anything that could be described as "artificial." The mighty forest is lonely and untended—I did not see any signs of "fruit trees"—and, save for what remains of the village, Nature reigns pure and undefiled. The village, indeed, has now become altogether a thing of the past. Upon arriving at the site of it, only a week from the time of my first visit, I found that it had been completely razed to the ground by a decree of the Sultan, who, in a fit of sanitary zeal, had ordered the destruction of all human habitations situated within a certain radius of the great water reservoirs, dreading contamination at a time when an outbreak of cholera was apprehended. A little girl—too young to have as yet assumed the *yashmak*, and, therefore, under the age of nine, and who stood, weeping, by the ruins of what had evidently been her home, and fondling in her arms a captive hoopoe—was the only human creature that I could discover. So, after consoling her with a few piastres, I wandered into the welcome shade of the forest, having requested Mr. McKay (the highly respected coachman of the British Embassy) and "Big Ibrahim" (the gigantic Montenegrin cavass who always ac-

companied me, until his enormous weight, combined with the rough Turkish roads, ended by breaking the springs of nearly all our carriages) to await me at the deserted village.

After pursuing a narrow forest track for about half a mile, I came upon a dreary swamp, looking like what might have been the bed of a half-dried-up lake. A heron was standing among the tall reeds, and an enormous plane tree, uprooted, and fallen from the bank apparently long ago, lay sprawling across it, like the blackened skeleton of some primæval giant, with mighty arms uplifted towards heaven as though appealing for mercy. Thinking that I should like a souvenir of this weird and desolate spot, I established myself upon my camp stool, and began a sketch, but had not made much progress with it before the heron rose, flapping its great wings, and a party of these Lazahs, some ten or twelve of them, appeared upon the scene. They seemed to spring up suddenly out of the morass, where I fancy they may have been fishing, and came swinging along, jumping and clambering over every obstacle that came in their way, and laughing and talking merrily. It struck me at once that they seemed to be rather too cheerful and undignified for Turks, but I had no notion what manner of men they were; so, although I confess I was somewhat alarmed at their very cut-throat appearance, as it is not very easy to beat a hasty retreat when one is seated upon a camp stool in a marsh, with water-bottle and paint-box upon one's knees, I stood, or rather "sat," my ground, and they came up with me in less than a minute. Hoping to conciliate, I bade them good evening in Turkish—a language I was then studying. They returned the compliment by interesting themselves in my drawing, pressing round me upon every side, near enough for me to become aware

that their luncheon had consisted principally of garlic. Then they *sélamed*, and continued their way at a brisk trot, so that our meeting was of the most friendly description. Later on, I passed them upon my road home.

"Who are all those men?" I asked of the highly respected coachman of the British Embassy.

"They are Lazahs, living upon the shores of the Black Sea," he answered.

"How do they get their living?" I inquired, knowing that he was never at a loss for a reply.

"Chiefly by thievery and murder," returned Mr. McKay, in the soft voice and with the quiet smile that were habitual to him. As far as I was concerned, however, the Lazahs proved themselves to be very sheep in wolves' clothing.

A detachment of the Hamadiéh Cavalry now comes jingling and clattering over the bridge from the Stamboul side. Fine men, and fine horsemen, though of a fierce-looking barbaric type. These men are Kurds, originally half-brigands, who were in the habit of swooping down from their mountain fastnesses in order to rob and murder the peaceful inhabitants of the Armenian villages. The Sultan, having failed in subjugating them by other means, conceived the brilliant idea of turning them into regiments of irregular cavalry, the members of which (like my friends the Lazahs) soon acquired a very evil reputation. I can remember how the hearts of most of the residents in Péra sank within them when some hundreds of these ruffians arrived at Constantinople, fresh from the massacres in Asia Minor, and what blood-curdling tales were told of spoils looted from Christian churches and convents; rings hacked off, with the fingers still hanging to them, &c., &c., which they were supposed to have taken to the curiosity shops, wrapped up in gory handker-

chiefs, and sold for a mere song. Possibly, upon their arrival, they may have been sated with blood (as the young ladies in our pastrycooks' shops are said, sometimes, to be with jam tarts) or, possibly, what is even more likely, these stories may have been mere fabrications. Be this as it may, the fears of the *Pérotes* proved unfounded, and the Hamadiéh Irregular Cavalry conducted themselves in the most exemplary manner during its sojourn in our midst.

More Turkish soldiers, and foreign tourists, and sailors, with Jews and Gentiles, and priests and nuns of various denominations, follow one another in bewildering succession. The carriage of the Sheikh-ul-Islâm, it may be, conveying him and his private secretary, a tall negro; or those of the Bulgarian Exarch, or of the Armenian Patriarch; and if the Armenian Patriarch should happen to be Monsignor Ismirlian (now languishing in exile at Jerusalem, a martyr to his own honesty and conscientiousness), his face, or as much as can be seen of it under his peaked black hood, is certainly one to be remembered. Then green- or white-turbaned *mullahs*; *arabas*, containing more Turkish ladies, accompanied by round-faced beady-eyed children, in bright-colored wadded cotton garments—wadded even in summer—the stream of foot-passengers, and of those who journey by *araba*, cart, or buffalo-wagon, seems never to cease for a single moment. Here, too, may be seen, passing and repassing, on their way to the Sublime Porte, the carriages of the ambassadors and ministers of the foreign Powers, whose representatives, with the exception of the Persian ambassador, all live upon the Péra side of the water. This mention of our Persian colleague reminds me of an incident which occurred during our stay in the Turkish capital, which, if it had stood by itself in these pages, I should

have called "The story of the mistaken premonition," by which I should have intended to convey that a premonition, or a presentiment (one may call it what one will), had somehow become associated with the wrong person, just as a letter might be directed to, and deposited at, a wrong address. Here is the preliminary part of my anecdote:

Once upon a time, whilst we were living at the British Embassy, a wealthy Turkish gentleman from the environs of Péra went over the Galata Bridge in his brougham and pair to dine with some friends in Stamboul. Now it seems that the great iron clamps and girders which intersect the bridge, and which so jolt and rattle whenever one passes over them, indicate certain sections which, at stated times, can be somehow swung asunder, in order that the taller ships, which cannot go under the piers, may pass out of the inner harbor, on their way to the Marmora or the Black Sea, and that, after these divisions have been opened, they are wont to be carefully closed again, so that the safety of the general public may not be endangered. But, on the night upon which this wealthy Turk drove back from dining with his friends at Stamboul, the middle portion of the bridge had, by some unaccountable mischance, been left open. It was very late, and the night was dark and stormy; the toll-keeper was half asleep, and the coachman wholly drunk (so ran one of the many stories that were circulated after the event, showing that the said coachman must, almost certainly, have been a Christian "of sorts," the Turks of the lower and middle classes being invariably sober). There was another version, according to which the occupant of the brougham was drunk, the coachman half asleep, and the toll-keeper (the sole survivor, according to this "variant," and able thus to tell his own story) alert and sober, and eager to avert any

possible catastrophe by shouting and clutching hold of the sleepy coachman, who, nevertheless, obeyed the orders of his drunken master, and drove on.

Down, down, down, they went, right in the middle of the Golden Horn, just where its waters are deepest, and there, I conclude, they remain to the present day, or what is left of them, for the bodies had not been recovered when I left Constantinople, and the Turks, whatever may be their other faults, are never fussy, or in a hurry. Alluding to this tragedy, soon after its occurrence, to our friend and colleague the French Ambassador, who now so ably represents the French Republic at the Court of St. James's: "There will be only one night in this year," said he, "when any of the members of the *corps diplomatique* may be exposed to a similar danger; the night upon which we are all to be invited to dine with our colleague the Persian Ambassador, in order to celebrate the Jubilee of his Majesty the Shah" (a speech which sufficiently indicates the date of the occurrence).

Then, around this poor victim of mischance, sitting in his brougham at the bottom of the Golden Horn, to serve as food for the fishes, rumor and legend began to weave and entwine themselves, as they always did in that fertile land of romance. It was whispered that the poor Turkish gentleman was not, in reality, the victim of mischance at all, but of what was known by the name of "Palace intrigue." That he had been one of those appointed to investigate the conduct of the military during the recent massacres in Asia Minor, and that his report, in spite of the confidence thus graciously reposed in him, had been anything but satisfactory, and that the party that was opposed to Reform had, consequently, deemed it necessary to silence his voice for ever, so that garbled versions of current events should not be circulated

abroad, to the prejudice of truth and justice. That the toll-keeper was not really the toll-keeper, but an emissary of this same party, posted there to see that the bridge was opened at the appropriate moment, and that he was sewn up in a sack immediately afterwards and cast into the sea, at Seraglio Point, so that he might tell no tales, and that the whole circumstance, as a matter of fact, far from being an accident, was merely a preconcerted plan, successfully carried out. Thus spoke the voice of rumor—of calumny probably—but to such voices all those who dwell in Constantinople soon learn to become well accustomed and case-hardened.

We were quite at an epoch of projected Jubilees, for just about this same time there arrived from Teheran a Persian "Ambassador-Extraordinary" on his way to England, sent thither by the late Shah to make arrangements connected with his Majesty's representation at the "Diamond Jubilee" of Queen Victoria, which was due the following year. He was a charming man, speaking English fluently (indeed, I believe he had been partly educated in England), and a banquet was forthwith organized, in his honor, at the British Embassy. He sat upon my right hand at this dinner (the "normal," or *un-Extraordinary* Ambassador having ceded him the *pas*), and presented me with a very pretty turquoise ring as a souvenir of the occasion, which I put on the third finger of my left hand. Then, the Ambassador who was *not* abnormal (I hardly like to call him "common or garden," being, as he was, our very good friend and colleague) made me a request. It had occurred to him that, after his impending Jubilee banquet, at which the guests were to be all of the male sex, he might appropriately give an evening party, to which the wives and daughters of the *corps diplomatique* should likewise be

invited; but the ladies of his family had always lived secluded lives, according to Persian custom, and could not, even upon so auspicious an occasion, depart from their usual habits. Would I do him the honor of receiving his after-dinner guests, and would I be at the Persian Embassy "over the water" punctually at half-past nine o'clock, upon the night appointed for celebrating the Jubilee of his Majesty the Shah? The three Ambassadors who took precedence of me were unavailable, just then, through absence and ill-health, and I was, therefore, though only for the time being, *doyenne* of the *corps diplomatique*, in which the order of precedence is regulated by the date of official appointment, without reference to the nationality or private rank of individuals. Of course, this request was not one that I could refuse, and I at once consented to do as I was asked. As soon as I had time for reflection, however, I bitterly repented my decision. The idea took possession of me that some sudden catastrophe would occur which would prevent us from arriving at our destination. It seemed to take the form of a warning voice, whispering for ever in my ear, "You will never reach the Persian Embassy, do what you will. There will be a surprise and a catastrophe of some sort; a very sudden catastrophe, resulting in a sudden death, which you cannot avert." This was the gist of the warning as correctly as I can set it down. To be quite honest, I had no presentiment that the Persian Jubilee would never take place; my feeling was that I should never assist at it myself on account of some unexpected tragedy, and my mind at once reverted to the unfortunate Turkish gentleman at the bottom of the Golden Horn.

For, truth to tell, there was every reason to suppose that the British Ambassador was not, just then, in the

very best of odors with this same party that was so obstinately opposed to Reform. It had been his painful duty to reveal to the Sultan the disagreeable impression produced upon the Government and the people of England by the recent Armenian massacres, and knowing possibly more of the *dessous des cartes* than did certain amateur politicians who meddled with the matter at home, he had spoken with characteristic British frankness. Then, again, Saïd Pasha, the ex-Grand Vizier, commonly known as *küçük* (or *little*) Saïd, to distinguish him from that very jolly old gentleman, "Saïd the Kurd" (at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs), listening, it may be, to some such legends and rumors as those that had gathered about the poor corpse in its brougham and pair, and imagining himself to be in danger of assassination, had recently placed himself under the protection of the British flag, and had taken sanctuary, with his young son Ali, at the Embassy, and the Ambassador had steadfastly refused to deliver him up to the Palace officials that were continually arriving, at all hours of the day and night, with the object of inducing him to do so, and although the Imperial spies surrounded the house in a cordon, and remained there till we came to know all their faces by sight.

Anyhow, I took it into my head, with no more adequate reason than I have explained, my nerves being, possibly, shattered by massacres, earthquakes, and what not, that this might not, perhaps, be an altogether inconvenient moment to swing open the middle of the Galata Bridge, just as worthy Mr. McKay was about to dash over it in his accustomed fashion, and then to throw the blame upon the toll-keeper, and to sew him up in a weighted sack, and cast him into the Marmora, as was said to have been done upon the last occasion when the same sort of "accl-

ident" had occurred. These disturbing thoughts, which increased as the days went by, caused me to look forward with much apprehension to the night upon which the Ambassadors of the Great Powers, together with the Ministers and diplomatic agents representing the lesser ones, were engaged to dine with our Persian colleague over the water.

The poor old Shah's Jubilee party never came off, as most of the readers of this Review will be aware. Before we had time to make ready to drive over the Galata Bridge, there came an official communication from the Persian Embassy: "My August Sovereign is deceased," the message ran, for it is not considered in good taste to make use of the verb "to assassinate" at Constantinople in any of its tenses. The Shah himself, I have since learnt upon good authority, had also received his warning. As he quitted the Palace at Teheran, upon the day that was destined to be his last, he sneezed violently three times—a certain sign, according to Eastern notions, of impending misfortune. The courtiers who accompanied his Majesty implored him to treat it accordingly and to return. But, whatever may have been his failings, he was no coward, and, laughing at this friendly advice, he went fearlessly on to his doom.

I had beheld the late Shah but twice, and only once had had the honor of speaking with him. This was upon the occasion of a garden party given during his last visit to London by Prince Malcom Khan (at that time Persian Minister) at his house in Holland Park. When I was presented, his Majesty graciously held towards me a short, thick, wax-colored hand, ornamented with an enormous ring, and having what is termed "a murderer's thumb" (out of which I feel sure that our poor persecuted palmists of to-day could have made something highly interest-

ing), and asked me whether I had ever read the poems of Hafiz. I had no idea, however, that this brief and conventional handshake would have sufficed to establish a sympathetic affinity, or that the chord thus lightly touched would have gone on reverberating through the succeeding years with the result I have described. Somebody has since suggested that perhaps the ring, given to me by the *abnormal* Ambassador, might once have belonged to his royal master, and that thus some kind of mysterious *rapport* might have been established, or else that it might have been endowed with occult properties, said to be peculiar to some Persian turquoises, and that this may have accounted for my sensations. Be this how it may, it would seem that premonitions, like babies, are occasionally changed at nurse, and that one can no more have implicit confidence in them than one can in dreams. Perhaps some member of the Society for Psychological Research may be able to throw light upon this matter.

There was one person (or *personage*, rather), who, during the whole time of our residence in Constantinople, never once went over the Galata Bridge either on foot or on horseback, or even in a bomb-proof carriage, unless he did so when shod with slippers that rendered him invisible, like the prince in the fairy-tale, and that was the mighty Padishah himself; the august Sovereign who holds life and death even in the hollow of his hand.

Once, in every year, upon the occasion of the Festival of the Hirka-i-Sharif, or "mantle of the Prophet" (15th Ramazan), when the sacred mantle and other holy relics which are preserved in the Seral are exposed to view, it is incumbent upon the Sultan to visit Stamboul, and it is generally given out in the *Levant Herald*, and elsewhere, that his Majesty will proceed by way of the Galata Bridge. When the day

appointed for the ceremony arrives, the route is lined with eager spectators. Regiments, in gala uniforms, are drawn up with their bands, all ready to strike up the Turkish National Anthem. School children, of all the different religious denominations and nationalities that flourish at Constantinople—Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, even the little pork-fed orphans of the worthy Sisters of St. Jacob, await the procession upon either side of the road, bearing baskets, containing flowers, wherewith to bestrew the path of his Imperial Majesty, and with the hymns all learnt by heart which they have been instructed to sing upon his approach. The very road itself, for the first and only occasion in the year, has been rolled and mended, and even the rattling and jolting girders of the Galata Bridge have been plugged and bolstered up with hay and wadding, cunningly concealed with sand. But, for all this, the Commander of the Faithful fails to make his appearance, and the little black broughams of the ladies of the Yildiz harem—from which one can just catch a glimpse of sparkling eyes and snowy *yashmaks*—pass over the floral offerings that were intended for their Imperial master.

At the very last moment the Sultan has decided to go by a different route, either walking down through his garden at Yildiz to his private pier and embarking there, or else at the Palace of Dolmabahceh, and then slipping quietly across the Golden Horn in his steam-launch. The same impromptu programme is followed upon the homeward way. One thing only is certain, that his Imperial Majesty will never proceed by the road that has been previously designated to his loyal subjects. His loyal subjects do not like to be cheated out of their pageants, and so there are those amongst them who pretend to see in this unwillingness to face the public the evidences of personal

timidity. It is whispered that the Imperial plans are changed thus at the eleventh hour from fear of the assassin's bomb, and that the Palace spies endeavor to encourage these apprehensions for their own private ends.

A certain absence of robustness in the Sultan's appearance may have encouraged the supposition that he possesses a nervous and sensitive temperament, but some remarks which his Majesty addressed to me one evening at Yildéz, upon the occasion of our attendance at *Iftar*, led me to believe that he is not apprehensive in the ordinary sense of the word.

Iftar is the name of a meal which is partaken of among Mohammedans at sunset during Ramazan, and which represents the first breaking of the daily fast, which has lasted since sunrise. It commences, usually, in a Turkish household, with olives, sardines, salad (what we should term *hors-d'œuvre*), and sweetmeats, served in small silver dishes or saucers, and later on develops into a meal of a more substantial kind. No Christian can, properly speaking, be said to partake of *Iftar* at all, as the term is suggestive of a previous fast in which he has had no part. To all who are not Mohammedans, *Iftar* is simply a dinner or supper party, without any religious significance.

When it takes place at the Palace, it is accompanied by none of the gorgeous accessories which are indispensable upon more formal occasions. The Court officials do not wear gala uniforms, the full force of the electric light is not turned on, and the guests are expected to array themselves neatly and respectably, but not in their very best. Upon their arrival at Yildéz, punctually at sunset, they are received and welcomed by sundry high Imperial functionaries, who, for the time being, have laid aside the starry constellations that are wont to glitter upon their

manly breasts. After waiting about for some time, and passing from one small apartment to another (with the exception of the State dining-room, the apartments at Yildéz Kiosk are all of modest dimensions), they are eventually conducted to the room in which *Iftar* is about to be served.

When foreigners are invited to *Iftar* the Sultan does not preside at the meal in the character of host, his place being taken by one of the high Court officials, but yet are the guests prone to sit upon the very edges of their chairs, to crumble their bread, and to converse in subdued voices, as they glance, with mingled feelings of awe and respect, in the direction of a large black and gold screen, which only partly conceals an open door leading to an inner apartment. For within this apartment—or so it is whispered and suspected, though nobody can be quite sure as to what *does* or *does not* happen at Yildéz—his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, “holding life and death even in the hollow of his hand,” is partaking of his own *Iftar* (the *real Iftar*, following upon a conscientious fast), after his own fashion and in solitary grandeur. No wonder therefore that the guests in the adjoining room are wont to sit upon the very edges of their chairs, to crumble their bread, and to converse in subdued voices as they glance towards the open door that is only partly concealed by the large black and gold screen!

After *Iftar*, upon the last occasion upon which we were invited to partake of it at the Palace, the high Court official again conducted us through narrow tortuous ways until we suddenly found ourselves opposite the embrasure of a small door, in which the Sultan was standing. Having made our obeisance, his Imperial Majesty offered me his arm, and proceeded, with a much longer stride and firmer step than might have been expected, considering

his somewhat *chétif* and fragile appearance, to a small wooden circus, connected with the Palace, where an entertainment, consisting of dancing dogs and performing ponies, had been provided for our amusement. This was just after the unpleasant visitation known as "the Great Earthquake," when part of the old bazaar and several other buildings were levelled with the ground, and when all sorts of stories were current, descriptive of the blind terror with which the event was supposed to have inspired the Sultan.

But, upon this night of *Iftar*, no traces of any such terror were visible. His Imperial Majesty appeared to be in the most genial and affable of moods, conversing agreeably, and laughing heartily at the antics of the performing dogs and ponies, which, he informed me, had been trained under his own personal supervision. By-and-by a clock in the adjacent corridor struck the hour, to the accompaniment of musical chimes. The Sultan, who had placed me upon his right hand, took out his watch, shook it, held it to his ear, and then, after calling my attention to it with an arch smile, said something, in a low voice, to the Master of the Ceremonies (poor Munir Pasha, now dead and gone, and, even then, suffering terribly from asthma), who was acting as dragoman. (It is more than suspected that the Sultan is acquainted with other languages besides his own, but it is his custom to converse with his guests in Turkish, making use of an interpreter when necessary, who translates the Imperial utterances into French. At first, this method reminds one irresistibly of the famous conversation, through an interpreter, described in Kinglake's *Eothen*, but, by-and-by, one becomes quite used to it—compliments and all—and the seeming difficulties entirely disappear. When the subject matter is of importance, it is usual for each Am-

bassador, or Minister, to be accompanied by his own dragoman, which is supposed to guarantee the absolute correctness of the translation.)

"His Imperial Majesty desires me to inform your Excellency," said Munir Pasha, pressing the lower portion of his chest with both hands in token of inexpressible respect, "that this is the precise moment at which a renowned prophet has predicted the total destruction of the city of Constantinople by an earthquake, together with every one of its inhabitants, including the August Sovereign himself."

While this speech was being delivered, the Sultan followed it with eyes that positively twinkled. Nothing could have been less suggestive of the abject terror to which, we had heard it affirmed, he was still a prey. As in duty bound, I replied somewhat as follows:

"Your Excellency will greatly oblige me by making known to his Imperial Majesty how sincerely touched I am at the proof he has deigned to give me of his confidence by informing me of this interesting circumstance, and pray have the goodness to add that, in my humble opinion, the natural alarm which such convulsions of Nature are wont to produce is largely due to the fact that they are of such uncertain occurrence, no man having as yet been able to predict correctly when they are likely to take place." This answer (rather a typical one of its kind, I flatter myself) was duly translated to the "August Sovereign," who again smiled and muttered something in a low voice.

"His Imperial Majesty desires me to say," wheezed poor Munir Pasha, "that your Excellency is, as ever, entirely in the right. No man is able to predict, to a certainty, when an earthquake is likely to occur, as the time appointed for all such visitations, is absolutely in the hands of God."

I have since been reminded, by one who is not an unqualified admirer of either his Imperial Majesty or of all his works, and who has, moreover, no very high opinion of his personal courage, that when these pious sentiments were uttered, we were seated in a temporary building, constructed chiefly of laths and plaster, supplemented by sailcloth, which, even if the sooth-sayer's prognostications had come to pass, might have descended upon our heads like a house of cards, without doing us any very serious injury; and it was suggested to me that this place might possibly have been selected at that particular moment as a precau-

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tionary measure (to which, even assuming that this insinuation had any truth in it, I could scarcely have taken exception, seeing that I had been thus graciously accommodated with a seat in what may have been meant for an ark of safety). As a matter of fact, however, the Sultan appeared to be quite in a mood to snap his fingers at the earthquake, and the man who can snap his fingers at an earthquake, in spite of its divine origin, must be possessed of a certain amount of courage, even if, for private reasons of his own, he may not often care to ride or drive over the Galata Bridge.

Mary Montgomerie Currie.

LIEUTENANT RADLER'S HOLIDAY.

"*Bon voyage!* and may Vienna be propitious to you!" said Lieutenant Bergl to Lieutenant Radler through the railway-carriage window.

"My compliments to the *Stefans-thurm*!" cried another.

"And to the opera-house!"

"And to every stone in the capital!" laughed the traveller as he pulled up the window. "All right. I'll give the messages faithfully."

The train was moving already as he sank back into his corner, beaming all over his young, sunburnt face. And no wonder either, considering the circumstances. Exile in a distant east Galician station, in which such things as theatres and ball-rooms were equally unheard of, had been his lot for two years past—an uninterrupted exile, too, since empty pockets render even furloughs futile, and Lieutenant Radler's pockets were chronically empty.

It was to a certain chestnut mare that he owed his present prospects. The German horse-dealer who had turned up last week at Hamienow ap-

peared to the impecunious hussar to have dropped straight from heaven, hooked nose and all. Now, as he sat in the Vienna express, with six hundred florins in crisp bank-notes, as well as his two months' leave of absence, in his pocket, he did not know whom to bless more fervently—Suleika or Herr Kornberger.

What a time he was going to have of it!—the only difficulty being to decide whether the ballet or the Orpheum, the night cafés or the public balls, were to enjoy the most of his patronage; and with never a single stupid recruit or a solitary ill-strapped saddle to try his temper.

In all the long train there was probably no lighter heart than the one with which Lieutenant Radler at length fell asleep to dream of electrically lighted rooms and rose-colored skirts.

When he awoke the gray morning light peered in at the carriage window, together with the snow-flakes that beat against it; for although March was waning, the Polish winter still reigned

supreme; and, despite eight hours' travel, they were not yet over the Galician frontier.

Cramped and chilled, the lieutenant pulled himself together. At the wayside station where they had just halted a very welcome cup of coffee might perhaps be attainable. Still almost half-asleep, he opened the door of the compartment and precipitately descended—far more precipitately, in fact, than he had any intention of doing, for the frost-coated step, only dimly visible in the dawning light, was as smooth as glass, and within the same moment of touching it with his foot he found himself lying full-length upon the ground, hurled there, as it were, by the weight of his own frame.

Friendly assistance was immediately proffered.

"Thank you," he said, a little dazed by the fall; and he attempted to rise, but sank back again helpless, biting his lip because of the excruciating pain in his left-leg.

At that moment an official in a red cap arrived upon the scene.

"An accident?" he inquired in a voice that was both authoritative and kindly. "Softly, sir; softly. You are hurt, and may be injuring yourself."

"But I have no time to wait," fretted the lieutenant. "I am going on in the express.—Here, lend a hand, some of you!"

With the assistance of two arms he lugged himself into the perpendicular, only to fall heavily against one of his two supporters. The right-foot was fairly steady, but nothing seemed able to induce the left to remain planted on the ground.

"Take him into my office. I will attend in a minute," said the red-capped man as he hurried off.

The lieutenant began to beat about with his arms.

"No, no—not the office! Not the office!" he almost wailed. "I am going

on with the express, I tell you! What is that whistle? The train off? Let go, I say!"

As past him the dark bulk glided away into the morning shadows—for his supporters had not let go—Lieutenant Radler stretched out his hands towards it, as though to hold it back. But for the curious feeling of faintness that had come over him, he would probably have wrenched himself free.

The red-capped stationmaster was back again in a moment.

"Don't be anxious," said that official, who, in the growing light, revealed himself as a haggard but kindly faced man of about forty. "I shall have your things stopped at the next station and sent here—in case you cannot proceed."

"I shall certainly proceed, either alive or dead," replied the lieutenant between his teeth; but he made no further resistance, for the pain was growing unbearable.

The first cursory and unprofessional examination revealed only the already patent fact that the traveller could not stand upon his left-foot. Nothing definite could be known until the arrival of the doctor who had been sent for, but who could not be here for two hours, seeing that this small country station stood only for a handful of huts.

Upon a patent-leather sofa, with the click of the telegraphic apparatus in his ears, Lieutenant Radler lay for two mortal hours waiting for his verdict. It came towards nine o'clock with all the lucidity that could be desired.

"Compound fracture of the shin-bone."

"And how long will it take to mend?" asked the frantic man, glaring at the doctor as though at an incorporate fiend.

The doctor raised his shoulders with true professional equanimity.

"It may be a month; it may be two."

Groaning, the lieutenant sank back among his cushions.

"But of course I can be moved?"

"Not unless you are anxious to remain a cripple for life. The bone, once set, should on no account be disturbed, and it is high time to set it."

"But I can't"—began the unhappy lieutenant; when the haggard-faced stationmaster gently interposed:

"Don't agitate yourself, Herr Lieutenant. We have plenty of room here, and my wife will take care of you; she is a famous sick-nurse."

Lieutenant Radler began by glaring at him almost as fiercely as he had glared at the doctor. Were all these people leagued together to cheat him of his holiday? But within the same moment shame came over him.

"You are too good; but how can I"—

"How can't you—since you have no choice? There is nothing but the village here, and not a house in it where you could decently lie."

With as bad a grace as possible, Lieutenant Radler closed, perforce, with the offer. The fury in his soul left, for the moment, no room for gentler sentiments. Even when, within a few hours, he found himself lying in a spotless bed, his injured limb set, the light carefully tempered by the hands of his fat and smiling hostess, and a glass of excellent lemonade, made by those same plump hands, standing by his side, it was something very far from gratitude that filled his mind. To be here, almost within touch of the great iron thoroughfare, within sound of the signals, the very clash of the engines that were bearing luckier folk towards the capital—was it not enough to make the unlucky one grind his teeth against each other? To come to grief over a hurdle at the regimental steeplechase would have been a mere

joke compared to the idiotic irrelevancy of this incident.

Presently he set to calculating feverishly how much of his time might still be saved out of the wreck. One month or two, the doctor had said—put it at six weeks. That would mean a fortnight in Vienna—a mockery compared to his yesterday's dream, and yet very much better than nothing at all. Upon this one problematical fortnight he now began to set his mind convulsively, as though upon a star of hope.

It was on the third morning after the accident that the fat stationmistress—that was the way he designated her in his mind—brought him in, together with his soup, a small bunch of snowdrops to set beside his bed. He had not been aware of caring for flowers, but the sight of the little spring messengers certainly seemed to make gayer the solitude of the sick-room.

"Are these out of your garden?" he asked almost amiably.

"Yes; we have a corner for them. It was Anita who gathered them."

"Who is Anita?"

"Our daughter. The only one we have."

A daughter? The lieutenant instinctively pricked his ears. Ere this he thought he had heard the sound of a girl's voice—a marvellously sweet voice it had seemed to him, too, despite his ill-humor—on the staircase outside. If her face were as pretty as her voice, might she not do well enough to help to while away the weary weeks before him?

"If she's anything worth looking at I'll flirt with her till within an inch of her life," was the thought in his mind, as he somewhat grimly contemplated the snowdrops.

He began to wish that Anita would feel moved to lend her mother a hand in the cares of the sick-room.

As though in answer to his wish, next day, just at the hour that he was

expecting his soup, there was a light step on the landing outside, and a very soft knock at the door.

"Come in," he said expectantly, having first given his moustache a rapidly correcting twirl.

The door opened to admit a small, wizened figure, which in two thin and wax-like hands carefully bore a cup. She limped a little as she advanced slowly, her eyes earnestly fixed upon the full cup, of which she was evidently determined not to spill a drop.

At the bedside only she looked up, and it was the look in the big brown eyes which told the lieutenant that, despite her old woman's face, she could not be more than ten years old at the most.

"I am Anita," she said in the same voice that he had heard upon the staircase; "and mamma has sent me with the soup because her hands are covered with soap-suds. It is washing-day, you know."

"Ah!" almost gasped the lieutenant. "You are really Anita?"

"Of course I am."

"And you have no sisters?"

"Ah, no. I am alone."

"Thank you," he said hurriedly, as he took his soup out of the hands of the child-cripple, all his guiltily frivolous thoughts of yesterday rushing over him the while as though in a torrent of shame.

"I will wait for the cup," she said, sitting down uninvited upon the chair beside the bed. "Does your leg hurt very much?"

"Not so very much now."

"I wonder if it feels like mine?" said Anita reflectively. "I mean when it's bad."

"Have you had an accident too?" he asked, looking at her with a new interest. "Did you fall down when you were running about?"

Anita shook her rather large head.

"I never run about. It has always

been like that. But it doesn't hurt always; and I'm sure yours hurts more," she added as a sort of polite after-thought.

"Perhaps. But then I shall be able to run about again soon; at least the doctor says so."

"Ah! I am so glad," said Anita, in an accent which, strangely enough, sounded sincere.

The lieutenant looked at her, a little bewildered.

"And you?" he almost timidly inquired. "Will the doctor not make you well too?"

"Not *this* doctor. He says he can't. But there is another doctor who lives in Vienna, and they say he could make me well. But it costs too much money," finished Anita in a perfectly business-like tone. "This one can only stop the pain sometimes. I wouldn't mind the leg so much, you know," she added, growing more confidential, "if it wasn't for the side. That is worse than the leg—when it comes."

"Are you not very unhappy?" blurted out the lieutenant, losing his bearings more and more under the gaze of the childish eyes.

They opened still wider at the question. "Why should I be unhappy, when it doesn't hurt? And very often it doesn't hurt, you know. Sometimes I can play all day in the garden without feeling anything."

"And what do you play at?"

"At trains, of course," she said; which clearly betrayed astonishment at this strange ignorance. "Papa gives me little bits of the old rails, and I pretend there are carriages upon them. The fountain is one station, and the acacia-tree is another. I will show it you all when you come downstairs. I have got red flags, too, for the signals. And oh, by-the-bye"—she got up quickly—"I think I must have left one of my flags here. There it is in the corner!" And she limped towards it.

"Is this your storehouse?" smiled the lieutenant.

"Oh no; it is our bedroom. I mean that mamma and I sleep here usually."

"And where do you sleep now?"

"In the little room beside the kitchen where papa usually sleeps, and papa sleeps in the office."

"Good gracious!" said the lieutenant, lying back among his pillows.

Left alone again, he felt about as small as he had yet felt in his life.

Next day he wondered whether it would be Anita who would bring him his soup, and almost hoped the washing-day would prove to be two. But it was the stationmistress who came in with the cup, her broad face not as placid as usual.

"Anita has got one of her bad days," she said in answer to his inquiry. "It's her side again."

"Can nothing be done?"

"Not without money," said the mother, as simply and almost as philosophically as the child had discussed the same subject.

Four weeks later Lieutenant Radler was able to hobble down on crutches to the little, highly ornate garden which flanked the station-house. Here, in a basket-chair, he drank in the April sunshine, principally in Anita's company, since the cares of office kept the father, and those of the household the mother, occupied for most hours of the day and part of the night. He had been introduced to the station at the fountain and at the acacia-tree, had admired the goldfish that lived in an old boiler, and when the sun grew too warm he took refuge in a summer-house so cunningly overgrown with climbers that no one would have guessed it to be the section of an old railway-carriage.

During those weeks something like a friendship had grown up between the cavalry lieutenant and the cripple

child, whose quaint conversation presented the only available form of entertainment. Though he had not ceased to groan in spirit over the bitterness of seeing the time and the money destined for golden pleasure melting away in dullness and doctor's bills, the lieutenant had actually arrived at discovering that, compared to the fate of the little brown-eyed girl, his own was, after all, not quite coal-black. He had even come to share some of the parents' anxiety. On the "bad days," when he sat alone in the garden, he had a sense of desertion, and when Anita reappeared, drawn and white, would greet her with an affection that was almost brotherly. To himself this was rather astonishing. Hitherto he had not been aware of caring for children any more than for flowers.

While his own foot progressed, Anita's health did not. It was as plainly written in the lines of the father's haggard face as on the waxen one of the daughter, far more plainly than on the placid countenance of the mother, on which the layers of fat probably forbade the penetration of sentiment. More than once he caught some talk of the doctor in Vienna and of the possibility of a cure, but the impossibility of facing the expense.

The lilac-bushes in the little crowded garden, where, despite the soots, the spring flowers rioted, were just coming into bud, when Lieutenant Radler, now moving about pretty freely on his crutches, one evening surprised his host with his face in his hands, and the lieutenant was shocked at the anguished look in the eyes which were raised to his.

"She is not worse, is she?" he asked quickly.

The stationmaster rose and took his red cap from its peg, for there was another train due.

"Yes," he said, with something new and hard in his voice, "she is worse;

but maybe she will soon be better. I am going to send her to Vienna."

"Ah! you have found the means?" said the lieutenant quite joyfully.

"Yes, I have found the means."

And he went out without returning the other's look.

In less than two days the lieutenant and the stationmaster were living *en tête-à-tête*. Mother and daughter had departed for Vienna, not without Anita presenting her friend with one of her red signal flags as a souvenir.

"It's the turn of *my* leg to be mended," she said to him gaily at parting.

The lieutenant laughed encouragingly. From his talks with the doctor he knew that, under the requisite treatment, there actually was some hope for the cripple. All the more did he wonder at the father's evident depression and at the nervousness which seemed to be growing upon him. At every unexpected sound—and yet they lived in the midst of sounds—he could see him start, as though in expectation of some calamity. All the kindly good-humor seemed to have been wiped out of his face by paternal anxiety.

The day before the lieutenant's ardently yearned-for departure was reached, and his boxes were all but strapped for that Viennese *El Dorado* in which he would yet be able to taste a fortnight's bliss, when he saw the stationmaster turning from the telegraphic apparatus with a face almost as white as the strip of paper he held in his hand.

"From Vienna?" he asked breathlessly.

"No, from Krakau. They are coming in an hour."

"Who? Your wife and daughter?"

"The inspectors. The station is to be visited."

"Ah, is that all?" said the lieutenant, breathing again. Were not these surprise inspections just as much a com-

monplace of railway as of military life? All the same he was struck by the other's look. In these past six weeks he had grown almost as much interested in the father as in the daughter—much more interested than he would have thought it possible to be in any one who did not wear a hussar uniform. And there was the sense of obligation to quicken his perceptions, of an obligation which grew more oppressive as the moment of departure approached.

An hour later two elderly and uniformed individuals descended from the Krakau train. In that hour the stationmaster seemed to have recovered at least part of his composure. It was with an unimpeachable bearing that he welcomed his superiors; but the lieutenant, who was watching him, noted that the morning's pallor still lingered in livid streaks about his eyes and mouth.

The inspection took its ceremoniously pedantic course. Warehouses, engine-sheds, coal-bunkers, were visited, menials interrogated, the working of the signals looked to. Finally, the office was reached. Lieutenant Radler, who had here taken refuge from a heavy shower, rose from the patent-leather sofa, and was politely requested not to disturb himself. The books having been gone over, the elder of the two officials approached the money-safe, at the same time putting out his hand for the key.

At that moment the lieutenant, looking across the room, saw a sort of convulsion pass over the stationmaster's face. His nerves, kept under control for two long mortal hours, seemed suddenly to have become unmanageable. The fingers with which he was feeling about aimlessly in his pockets shook visibly.

"I cannot find the key—it is not here," he stuttered.

At sound of the words the leading

Inspector wheeled round and looked first at the stationmaster and then at his colleague. The glance exchanged was fraught with ominous meaning. Both of them had heard ere this of lost keys, and in the experience of both it boded nothing good.

"You have mislaid it, no doubt," said the younger and politer of the two officials. "Perhaps you will be so kind as to search without delay, our time being short."

"A locksmith would be quicker, I fancy," observed the other dryly.

Another spasm seemed to pass over the stationmaster's face.

"Ah, not a locksmith, I beg of you!" he said in a tone which had become abruptly imploring. "I—I will look for it. It cannot be far."

"It had better not," said the senior inspector.

The unhappy man took out his handkerchief and passed it across his forehead.

"If you will go meanwhile—to the waiting-room, perhaps it will be more comfortable. I will turn out the drawers here."

Coldly they agreed, and were scarcely in the waiting-room before they exchanged another significant look, and then, as though by mutual consent, took their position at the window, which, most fortunately, commanded the road. It was only from some Jew in the village that the suspected man could hope to procure the missing sum. There was no other possible saviour within reach. To the lieutenant they had seen in the office neither gave a second thought, a cavalry lieutenant in Austria being always instinctively regarded as impecunious.

When the stationmaster returned from the waiting-room he walked straight past the lieutenant and into the small back-office, which was used principally as a store. As the door closed the young man, moved by some

force independent of his will, started forward.

At the moment that he opened the door his host was taking out of a drawer something which the lieutenant knew to be a revolver before he had seen it. There was a spring and a short struggle. Then the lieutenant, having first drawn the balls, turned to the stationmaster.

"How much have you taken out?" he asked, looking him in the eyes.

"Four hundred florins," said the man in a voice too flat for shame.

For a moment Lieutenant Radler stood immovable. Four hundred florins was very nearly all that remained to him of his original six hundred. Very quickly a battle was fought in his mind. On one side there was the vision of the Vienna fortnight, that precious fortnight snatched from the ruins of his holiday; on the other side, Anita's face and the look in her suffering brown eyes. The struggle was fierce but very short. Scarcely a moment seemed to have passed before he said in the tones he used when commanding his troop:

"Give me the key of the safe!"

The stationmaster put his hand in his pocket and gave it him automatically. He was looking and acting like a person suddenly struck stupid.

"You must show me where to put it," said the lieutenant in the same tone. And together they returned to the outer office.

At the last moment something like a flash of intelligence seemed to come over the stationmaster's dazed face. While the lieutenant was replacing the bank-notes he put out his hand as though to stop him.

"But I shall never be able"—he began.

But the lieutenant only pushed him aside as he closed the safe door.

A few minutes later the two inspectors were making most polite remarks,

which had in them a ring almost of apology. In face of the unimpeachable completeness of the contents of the safe, neither of them was now able to understand how, even for one moment, he could have doubted so tried and faithful an official.

Not until another train had borne them farther down the line did Anita's father appear to come to his senses. It was then that, without a word, turning to the lieutenant, he seized his hand, and, to that young man's extreme consternation, pressed upon it a kiss as fervent as though he had been either a beautiful lady or an old priest.

After a minute the stationmaster spoke.

"I am not a bad man," he began very low and uncertainly, "but it was a question of saving her life; and now you"—

Chambers's Journal.

"And now it is I who have saved it," finished the lieutenant, with a strange, new light-heartedness which he had never known before—not even in the Vienna opera-house.

When next day he departed—not towards the capital, for what remained of his money would only just take him back to his station—the light-heartedness still persisted. Was it because he felt relieved of the burden of gratitude that he was able laughingly to receive the condolences of his comrades upon his missed holiday, or was it perhaps the strange novelty of the first consciously useful act of his life?

Whichever it was, he could not manage to regret that that step had been so slippery on that dark March morning.

Dorothea Gerard.

WATTS AND NATIONAL ART.

This winter's exhibition at Burlington House commemorates, and richly, if by no means completely, represents, the life and work of a great Englishman. To pass through these galleries, glowing with designs of marvellous variety, energy, and grandeur, and to realize that all this, and much more, is the work of a single mind and hand achieving victory against every adverse condition, is to feel one's faith and hope in our race enhanced, to understand that something has been added to us that we had not before. We come away with something of that expansion and exhilaration which a reading of Milton gives us: the consciousness of an ideal world imagined and portrayed, with power that brings it near to us, by a voice speaking our own tongue, a voice from the heart of our own nation.

Watts alone has been able to realize

the dream of Reynolds, the dream of a heroic style in English painting: not with all the fulness and splendor of the great Italians, indeed, but fully enough to shine as a great example and point the way to others.

Those who belittle his achievement, or concentrate attention on his failures, are joining the forces which hindered and thwarted his endeavor, the forces which prevented just that completeness of success, the want of which they criticise.

Watts was deeply conscious of the inadequacy of English art as an expression of the national character and mind. "It cannot be doubted," he wrote in 1863, "that the English school of art, in many respects admirable, is deficient in elevation and majesty, qualities in which English literature is second to none." He found "gravity and nobility deficient in the English

school, but not in the English character." And again: "I think it nothing short of a phenomenon that English art should so little express the peculiar qualities of English character and history; the power and solid magnificence of English enterprise are almost entirely without corresponding expression in English art." If in this judgment he seems unjust to Reynolds, we must remember that he is thinking of imaginative work. He might have added, that the power and daring of imagination, which are conspicuous in our poetry, and have been a main factor in the genius of our men of action, have been singularly absent from our painters' work. The weakness of our school has even been a vapid softness and a pretty triviality. Puritanism, doubtless, is the underlying cause; for where an art is despised and eschewed by the serious spirits of a nation, it is bound to fall into petty ways.

Watts consciously and resolutely set himself to express and represent in painting the qualities he found so lacking. He addressed himself to the task with a great faith which was never quenched. "I believe the love of beauty to be inherent in the human mind." And to this faith was joined the largest and most liberal conception of what art is and can do. "Art embraces the whole of those conditions which are to be represented to the mind through the medium of the eye." His ideal artist was the man of the Renaissance, able in all the arts of design. Speaking of architecture, painting, and sculpture, he said:

I lament that the three branches should be called the three branches; they were not considered as three branches formerly, but were combined in one, and were practised by one and the same man.

More than this, he claimed that art should be a serious interest to the community, and that artists should work

on the assumption of such interest. "I do not think that any artist paints his pictures for his brother artists only; they are to be judged by men of intellect." He even went so far as strongly to advocate the inclusion of lay members in the Council of the Royal Academy.

In all these views, Watts stood at the opposite pole to those who represent the views most prominent in the current criticism of to-day; or rather, perhaps, of yesterday, for a saner and wider outlook begins to re-assert itself.

Since the Renaissance, all art has tended to become less a national than a personal product. It has tended to become something separate, the affair of collectors and museums. Those who accept these conditions, and some have accepted them enthusiastically, assert that art is only for the few who can intimately understand and enjoy it; they divide the world into the initiated and "outsiders"; and some even represent the perfect art as entirely liberated from all associations with the other activities of intellectual life. The fluent purveyors of these views talk much of "Art," as some talk much of "Religion," without, in either case, convincing us that their enthusiasm goes much deeper than a "sense of their own eloquence," so exclusive and self-conscious of their devotion. For the ideal life would have no need of religion or of art; it would contain and express them as its daily habit, its unconscious gesture. And both art and religion correspond to the deepest desires of humanity, according to the measure in which they permeate the general life of men. In the greatest periods of art, no one would be called "artistic"; the need for beauty would be taken for granted, and satisfied as naturally as the appetite for food and drink. A natural desire which is balked becomes exasperated and vio-

lent; hence, in modern art, the feverish element, tormented with itself and uncertain what to do, the doubts and wastes of energy which harass all producers when driven back upon themselves and unsustained from without.

The art desired by Watts was an art which should return to more primal and natural conditions; therefore large, reposeful, at ease with itself, and concerned with the grandeur of the great normal emotions. He wished it to be as expressive and wide-reaching as literature. In this aspiration to turn back the dehumanizing tendency so long prevalent, he anticipated the work carried out with such passionate and indignant zeal by William Morris; Watts sought to reclaim heroic and monumental painting from the frigid seclusion of academies, just as Morris strove to reclaim the decorative crafts from the joyless prison-house of the manufacturer. Completing the work of both, Alfred Stevens labored in the faith of his motto, "Art is One," turning from the sculpture of the noblest statues yet made by an Englishman, to design a fire-place, a billiard-table, or a railway-carriage. All of these men had faith in their countrymen. And they were right. For those who assert that art is only for the few, and despair of their public, merely further the apathy they profess to deplore. To those who told him that the public cares nothing for monumental art, Watts replied: "What we have not known, we do not care about." And he lived to see the public care, at least in such measure as he was himself able to bring it home to them. His detractors are to be found, not in the republic of men of intellect, but in those who make all art an exclusive mystery, and believe that Whistler's wit has spoken the final word.

Since a great deal of dust has been raised by those who write about these

matters, it may be as well to make a few points clear. One of the cheap current criticisms of painting such as Watts' is, that it is "literary," and therefore not pure art. Now it needs only common sense (or Lessing) to tell us what subjects are best expressed in paint, and what in speech. The main difference of condition is, that painting is stationary, or concerned with a moment of action, while speech goes on, and develops a movement or succession of actions or emotions. Hence, if any painting is literary, it is that which attempts narrative. Yet, even so, there seems a pedantry in ruling out Carpaccio and Benozzo Gozzoli, in whom the pleasure of story-telling is naturally strong, just as it would be pedantic to rule out Keats' *Ode to Autumn* because it leans strongly to the pictorial. Whistler's purism went, of course, much further. All subjects which, by natural association, appealed to human emotions, seemed to him "literary," and to be avoided as "clap-trap." This thoroughly illiberal and attenuated theory of art was neither carried out in practice by its preacher, nor has it taken hold on any one worth considering. It has been many times exploded, and is no longer worth discussion. But stupid repetition of that worn epithet "literary" still continues among many who seem never to consider for a moment what literature is. The epithet is applied oftenest to paintings which represent an idea by symbol or allegory. Is literature, then, a natural method of treating such subjects? On the contrary, the difficulties are probably greater in the art of speech, and the success is rarer than in the art of painting. Allegories are always something of a loveless marriage between the idea and its presentment; and their very rare success is usually due to interest in the external story or image overcoming our consciousness of the meaning behind.

They succeed by defeating their own object. There are five little pictures by Bellini at Venice, which represent by minute symbolism the progress of virtue and of vice. But for centuries no one ever dreamed they had a moral meaning of this kind; nor does any spectator of to-day, unless he happens to be acquainted with the late Dr. Ludwig's researches, regard them as anything but delightful fancies, born of their creator's capricious imagination. In reality, like many of the most beautiful pictures of the Renaissance, they illustrate a forgotten poem. Certainly, the moral behind the paintings is not enforced by them; each is apprehended separately by the mind. And this is the case with *The Faerie Queene*, and allegorical literature generally.

Far more potent and triumphant is the art which conveys intellectual or spiritual meaning by discovery of an image inherently significant of such meaning. I say intellectual or spiritual, not moral; for morality is concerned with what we do, and chiefly with the limitations of our conduct, whereas art, like religion, is concerned with what we are and with the possibilities of what we may become. *Paradise Lost* impresses, has its effect of liberating and exalting, not by its moral lesson, though that is the pretext of its argument, but by the creation of superhuman images, imparting to us, with their own energy of life, new ideas of our own capacities, and the boundlessness of the human soul. But painting is equally, if not more, apt for the presentation of such ideas. The Sistine ceiling is yet more tremendous in effect than Milton's epic. It is a condition of fine success in such art, that the image should be intimately expressive of the idea, so that we cannot think of the two as apart. Watts' *Love and Death* is an instance of such success. His *Love Steering the Boat of Humanity* is an instance of comparative

failure; for the figures and their relation to each other do not obviously suggest their meaning, nor greatly enforce it when apprehended.

But is one more "literary" than the other? By no means. In either art it is a question of greater or less heat of imagination. I cannot conceive of any poet treating the subject of the latter picture with any greater success in verse. There is bound to be something frigid in the symbolism, just as there is in that of the four Allegories by Paolo Veronese in the National Gallery, which every one praises for their magnificent painting and design, overlooking the cold pretexts they so far transcend. In the case of Watts, too, it is equally unreasonable to quarrel with a picture because it is labelled with such and such a title, instead of concentrating our attention on the pictorial motive, which counts for so much more in the artist's mind, whether he is conscious of it or no. Titles are convenient, but unimportant. The statue in the court of Burlington House is labelled *Physical Energy*; but this, or any other name, is inadequate to the conception embodied, which is expressed through every line and salient mass in magnificent language to the eye. Before Mr. Brock's monument on the other hand, also exhibited there, we have the same sort of feeling as in reading an eighteenth-century poem, wherein the virtues and vices are expected to assume life by the magic of a capital letter.

Painting, then, no less than imaginative literature, presents ideas, not objects. A harmony of greens and grays is an idea; and from such primary ideas to complex ideas, saturated with inevitable associations, which express and enhance for us the splendor of strength and beauty, the fortitude or pathos of suffering, the dignity of toil, the heights and depths of life and death, and to which the spaciousness

of the skies, the mystery of forests, the massiveness of earth, and the tumult of the seas contribute, is but a gradual growth and evolution, not the adding of superfluous alloy. Watts, from the beginning, set out to measure himself with the gravest and most pregnant themes. There are many minds which any such ambition irritates; they affect to see a want of genuineness or frankness in the wish to express anything beyond the response to a quite personal and transient stimulus. So Poe denounced all poems but short ones, because the highest inspiration could not last for more than a few lines: a tame and feeble view, which Shakespeare and Michelangelo refute at once. The objection is based on the frequency of failure. When a man sets out to paint a monumental painting, or to write an epic, men think of Barry and Southey, and vote all such efforts dull and pompous. Certainly it is safer to paint still life, or write little lyrics exquisitely.

But Watts knew that subject counts for a great deal in art. The choice of a subject obviously matters immensely, because no one works well on a subject that does not interest him; and a great subject, though it does not make a feeble treatment of it great, is necessary for the calling out of a man's utmost powers. Resistance in one's material is a fine spur to effort; and many artists have never realized a tenth of their own latent powers till brought to grapple with a subject which perhaps, at the time, utterly defeated them. Now Watts had a natural bent towards imaginative subjects on the heroic plane. Watts was very English; and it is not for nothing that poetry is the special glory of the English race. Realism will never, for good or for evil, take strong root in our art, however much the influence of the supreme prose painter Velasquez, or of lesser Frenchmen, may attract for a

time. We require something of the poet's dream and exaltation to take our hearts quite captive.

But how, in the 'thirties of the last century, was a young Englishman to build up a great style in painting? Watts went to the Academy schools, and forsook them in a week: they could teach him nothing. In the world around him, there was everywhere evidence of an age, as he himself described it, "the most ignoble in taste the world has ever seen." The past of English art was as discouraging as the present. Reynolds had wished for an heroic art, but failed in his few attempts; others, like Barry and Haydon, had carried out huge works, able indeed, but begotten more of vain-glory than devotion. In the years when Watts first exhibited at the Academy, the English school was passing from the last enfeebled phases of its great tradition of portrait-painting, represented by Beechey and the mannered followers of Lawrence, into that reign of laborious triviality and tameness, against which the Pre-Raphaelites of the next generation were to revolt so strongly. It was the era of the *Keep-sake*. Watts ignored, rather than rebelled against, prevailing conventions. He saw that the failure of Etty and Hilton, the two men of the time who had ambitions at all similar to his own, arose from want of power to discover or create a satisfactory ideal type of human form. They were also hampered by their technical training. For the gloss and glitter of Etty, the hotness and blackness of Hilton, were equally inadequate and unapt for the serenity and spaciousness of a great manner.

The problem of finding an ideal type had confronted, at the beginning of the century, the one English poet since Milton who had the born aptitude for epic—Keats. The forms which we imagine to ourselves on reading heroic

poems of the eighteenth century, have the same character of unreality and rhetorical inflation that we find in the pictures of Fuseli or Barry. In Keats we find, at first, types that call up something not very dissimilar from the shapes of Etty; but in *Hyperion* we are brought into the presence of majestic beings, who impress us with the sense of superhuman dignity and power, figures such as were to be realized in the mature work of Watts. For both, the haunting memory of the Elgin marbles was a profound inspiration. But it was in no servile or academic spirit that Watts studied those great sculptures. In all his work there is no conventionally classic figure. As with Keats, his keen natural sense of beauty enabled him to cast aside the long tyranny of Roman tradition, which had for centuries obscured the true Greek style and spirit, and drink from the fountain-head. Whether consciously or no, he aimed at an ideal type which should yet be living and of the race, filled with the savor of the English character and blood. And to develop such a type, no preparation could have been more fitting than the painting of the long series of portraits which enabled him later to devote himself to imaginative subjects. He painted, by preference, the finest types of the nation; and, when one turns to the imaginative subjects of his maturity, one sees the service they have been to him. Italian models and English pugilists had hitherto too often provided the material for attempts at ideal creation.

The types at last evolved are of an ample and strongly moulded form, yet not without mobile delicacy of feature, large in gesture, of a peculiar open wideness of gaze, with full tremulous lips and abundant hair. They have an air of health and purpose, of a noble and unfretted mind. The energy of our race is in their limbs, the dream that means accomplishment is in their eyes. Of

the women, of *Ariadne* and of *Britomart*, I can think of no higher praise than this, that they seem like Shakespeare's women.

To have succeeded in such creation, when one considers the tremendous adverse forces, is a proof of the highest and rarest powers, and is perhaps the crown of Watts' various achievement. Along with this went the gradual transformation of technique which marks him out, in Mr. Ricketts' words, as "a great technician, a master painter, a pioneer." In the present exhibition, we can see him feeling his way through early works; now adopting the method of the time in *Aurora*, but already attempting daring problems of suffused light, to be resumed, with the acquired mastery of a personal method, in his latest years. In *Time and Oblivion*, he enlarges a design founded on Flaxman's manner and treated as flat decoration. Both experiments taught by dissatisfaction. Studies in Italy matured his thoughts and practice. He experimented in fresco; and the example of the earlier Italian painters influenced him towards a cooler key of color, and a more direct and nervous brush-work, such as we see in the splendid *Jacob and Esau* and *Britomart and the Nurse*. Later came the interest in radiant and iridescent phases of illumination, which gave us pictures attempting the mysteries and abysses of light. About these, as about the visions of Turner's old age or Shelley's most Shelleyan lyrics, there will always be debate. At any rate, they prove the inexhaustible freshness and unwearied interest of the painter who had already succeeded in so many diverse efforts. Landscape, again, became an increasing interest in these latest years: a sign of genial outlook and serenity. The landscapes of the present exhibition would alone suffice to give Watts a place next Turner. They show, along with incom-

parable mastery in rendering pearly tones of air and visionary spaces, a fecund newness of invention in design. Landscape painting has suffered specially from the want of this: from sameness in choice of the point of view, in arrangement of the foreground, in the position of the horizon. Watts, on the contrary, charms us by surprise into seeing the world with fresh eyesight. This resource of design distinguishes equally the portraits and imaginative pictures. A rival might well have said of him, as Gainsborough said of Reynolds: "Damn him, how various he is!" Only the masters show this wealth and activity of thought. And how wonderfully Watts could conceal his art, or rather, how organic were his conceptions, is revealed by such a composition as the *Childhood of Zeus*, one of the loveliest and most typical of his pictures. Here there is absolutely nothing of academic tradition; we are far from all poses of the studio; these nymphs in their "naked glory" seem at ease in all their attitudes, their limbs reposing, their gestures negligent, their eyes intent on their imperious nursling. And yet, with what art are these forms brought (one might almost say "born") into beautiful relation with each other, and controlled within the space of the picture, to delight our eyes with rhythms caught and lost and found again among repeated curves of arm and thigh and bosom! It is a rare felicity to use, with no sort of loss of dignity, the naturalness and bloom of life, in themes which so many, even of the greatly gifted, have alienated by dry coldness meant for elevation, or dulled by abortive realism, or cheapened by a sugared prettiness.

This picture, like many others, was long in hand. Watts had the habit of keeping work by him, sometimes revising the conception, sometimes waiting till he had found the particular

method of using his medium most apt to the subject in hand; often repeating his works, but rarely repeating himself. No painter was ever more persistent and searching in exploring the capacities of paint. In the large symbolic or didactic pictures of the latest period, Watts was attempting subjects which had been represented in woodcut or engraving by men like Dürer and Blake, but which had not been essayed on the monumental scale. His problem was, to find a technical method suited to take effect on the great wall spaces of public buildings; and to this end he manipulated the oil medium in a manner that many find disagreeable when they see works like the *Progress* (No. 169) in a gallery, but which is admirably effective on the stone walls of a great building—as those who have seen the *Time, Death, and Judgment*, in St. Paul's Cathedral, realize. Seen in their proper place, these works will impress by their massive forms, their bold breadth of color; their tonic effect will come from instinctive recognition of a noble nature, which finds its natural affinity in such grandeurs of design, eclipsing and absorbing the allegoric meaning they profess, as a spiritual truth eclipses and absorbs a literal truth. In all his late works, Watts' hero is Man. It was characteristic of the nineteenth century, of the age which produced the works of Darwin and the *Légende des Siècles*. Throughout his career, we may trace a search for the subject-matter most expressive of his ideas, such as we trace in the career of Milton. Both were attracted to the Arthurian legends, as native to our race and soil; but for both the want of epic substance in those stories, the remoteness from typical humanity, proved unsatisfying. Like Milton, Watts was led to the story of Adam, Eve, and Cain, the most primitive and all-embracing symbols of mankind; and

the series of pictures in which he has given a new interpretation to their story, ranks among the most powerful and imaginative of his works.

Like Titian and like Rembrandt, Watts never looked back, nor stood still, continually developing the rich resources of his mind and art. The last century claims him as its most typical and commanding expression in

English painting. Reynolds and Gainsborough had painted the character of English men and women, in their strength and in their charm. Turner had illustrated the daring and adventure of this race of islanders. It was reserved for Watts to express on canvas the poetic intellect and imagination, which, when our Empire passes, will remain for its greatest glory.

The Independent Review.

Laurence Binyon.

THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER XIV.

Wild rumors were flying about the country. Some said the Red Rose was victorious everywhere, some that Queen Margaret's triumph would be short, and that England as a whole was on Edward of York's side. As to the rights and wrongs of the conflict, nobody knew much about them, and truly they were anything but clear. Men were led by personal reasons to throw in their lot with one cause or the other. If the House of York had a strictly legitimate title, that of Lancaster had been called to the throne by the national will in the person of Henry the Fourth.

Free of Jasper's heavy hand, and of all the restraints of King's Hall and Ruddiford, young Dick Marlowe and his bride rode south like two wild birds set free. Jasper had given them good horses and a small guard; Alice was a hardy girl and a fearless horsewoman, used from her childhood to hunting and hawking in the merry Midlands. Dick's notion was to ride straight to Swanlea, and to leave her there while he, with as many men as he could muster, hurried to place himself and his troop at Queen Margaret's service; thus, though a poor substitute

for his elder brother, he could do Harry's will and serve the cause he believed in. In Dick's mind he owed life and love and all to Harry, who had chosen to stay in his dreary prison and to let the boy go free. It was the best way after all, since Jasper's conditions were so hard and horrible. And as luckily Jasper took the Red Rose side (a useless champion enough, as Harry did not scruple to point out to him), he was willing that Dick Marlowe should ride and fight where he pleased. One thing Jasper cared about, and one alone; he would marry Margaret Roden. And this he would do from no such love as Lord Marlowe, or even humbler men, bore her, but from the passionate ambition to see himself, when Sir William died, master not only of a beautiful wife, but of Ruddiford Castle and the great estates that joined his own, thus becoming the foremost gentleman in all the country-side.

Jasper was a strange creature, and this worldly ambition was the strongest point in his character. He was well pleased to find the occasion of marrying his sister Alice to Lord Marlowe's brother; it was an honorable alliance for the Tilneys, and it removed one of his likely rivals with Margaret. Dick, silly boy, was in love with Alice, but

that was neither here nor there; his mother could easily have forced the match on, her mind being set upon it. Jasper plumed himself on a good day's work; and not the least pleasant part of it, to him, had been the flinging of Master Antonio out of the church door. He would have no cunning foreigners meddling with his family matters—not he! If he had known all that Antonio and Alice could have told him, the Tilney pride might have exacted worse punishment than a kick and a shaking.

Antonio lurked in the woods near King's Hall till he saw Dick Marlowe's little troop riding away southward. Then, not without a shiver at his heart, he went back to Ruddiford.

There had been a white heat of fury in the castle that morning, when Lady Marlowe found her captives gone, and when she heard from Antonio, the unwilling witness, that her son had ridden off to King's Hall to follow Alice and find his brother. It was the more enraging that she had actually seen him go. Without troubling herself to return to Sir William, telling herself that he was in his dotage, she despatched Antonio in high haste to fetch Richard back. As to Harry, she said nothing; she was too angry to play a part. Neither, during those hours, did she hold any communication with Meg. Meeting her in the gallery, walking beside Sir Thomas Pye in earnest conversation, she passed them both without a glance, or any notice of their respectful salutations.

Meg looked up, anxious-eyed, into the thin and grave face of her old friend. He took her hand and pressed it, murmuring a few Latin words: "*Angelis suis mandavit de te: ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis* (He has given His angels charge concerning thee, that they shall keep thee in all thy ways)." It was an assurance of protection against the woman passing there, her to whom Sir William Roden

had confided his grandchild's future; as such, it sounded strangely.

Antonio then, pale and strained, came back to the castle and prepared to face the lioness robbed of her young. Although he had had no real love for her, Alice had been a pretty toy, a useful tool, and it was not without a qualm that he saw her removed from him for ever. At the same time he knew that Dick's marriage was all in his favor, defeating Lady Marlowe's intention and spoiling her plan; and it was with real relief that he had seen the bridal troop ride away south, not north. He did not want those two at Ruddiford. Whatever my Lady chose to do for the sake of herself and the White Rose (and he suspected what he hardly dared think), any such matter, in which she might force his compliance, would be easier with Dick and Alice away. And he saw himself as Meg's one resource, the only man in the castle who had both a heart to love her and a brain to defend her. It looked as if Jasper meant to keep Lord Marlowe in safe durance,—so much the better for Antonio. He could almost forgive the brutal squire his ill-treatment, with the thought that he was playing his game for him. But yet, with all his hopes, Antonio trembled as he entered Lady Marlowe's presence.

He told her all he had seen. She listened, very pale and quiet, biting her lips, pressing her nails into the palms of her hands. She paced the room without a word, while he waited, and watched her curiously, admiringly, with courage and fear oddly mixed together. It seemed to him that the crisis of his life was upon him. This desperate woman might drag him to destruction; no, he defied her in his heart; she should rather be the stepping-stone to the height of his desire.

She came back and sat in her chair, while he knelt on her footstool. She looked at him, frowning, as if for the

moment it was difficult to collect her thoughts. At last she said: "I would I were rid of that Jasper Tilney. He mocks at my counsel and stands in my way."

"What has he done against your Ladyship's counsel?" said Antonio, surprised.

"It concerned his prisoner," she said. "One of these days, I doubt, he will set him free to spoil all my designs for Ruddiford."

"And your counsel?" Antonio murmured.

"Any but a fool," she said, "would have understood and followed it. I sent him a written word by that sister of his,—whom I wish I had touched with my little dagger! The girl delivered it, I suppose—she had no reason to think—and it was sealed."

Had Alice delivered it? Antonio wondered, but he said: "I cannot say; Jasper Tilney is a strange man."

"He may obey it yet," Lady Marlowe said, "now that Richard is safe away." She ground her teeth and struck her clenched fist on her knee. "Antonio, I fear that Tilney," she said, "and all these jealous old gray-beards here; I fear them all; the priest worse than any, and that cursed little leech who would not sell you the ratsbane. I owe him for his horse, ay, a great sum; but, listen,—" she bent towards him with a terrible look—"there is one, the greatest obstacle of all. Were he away—in the confusion—with my appointed guardianship—and the Yorkist troops will not be long in coming—yet who knows? The Queen's troops may be before them. Antonio, I must possess the castle. If not by fair means,—Dick's marriage with her—then, I swear, by foul means. Yet the Rose is white enough,—a shower will wash off the old, pale stain." She laughed. "Ruddiford must be for York," she said. "I will not rest till the banner of York waves on the

tower,—and you will help me, Antonio?"

Their eyes met, saying things that the honest air of old Ruddiford would hardly have borne to hear. Gazing steadily at her, he slowly shook his head.

"Why do you look upon me so?" she said.

"You would have me compass the death of my master,—my old master—father and friend?" he whispered under his breath.

"Who is faithful to a master in these days?" murmured Isabel. "Father, mother against son, husband against wife, sister against brother! Father, you say, and friend? 'Twas he himself told me of your birth,—or no birth—a thing left in the gutter to be picked up by a passer-by. A pretty father and friend, to tell such a tale of the beautiful youth who has served him so long and well. Come," she went on, as she saw him wince, "is it for Mistress Margaret's sake you hesitate? She will soon be comforted. I shall find her a husband in the ranks of York. I am her guardian, I will answer for her." She smiled maliciously.

Antonio leaped to his feet and withdrew from her a few paces. Her eyes slowly followed him.

"Ratsbane, Antonio mine," she said, or breathed, so that he only just caught the words. "If the apothecary refused it to you, it was that he mistrusted you; take it from him by force. Mix it in the food; I will tell thee how—"

Again Antonio shook his head. "If I did, Simon Toste would know; he would betray me," he said. He caught his breath, staring at her wildly.

"By my faith," she said, "you are more fool than knave. I must find a better instrument. Or do you make this pother for your own advantage? Well, you shall have money and jewels, and you shall rule Ruddiford under me, and grind what you can

out of townspeople and tenants. You shall run free; I will drive my willing horse with a loose rein. As to the graybeards, they shall not trouble us long. It may be well, when you fetch the ratsbane, to leave the vile apothecary dead on his own hearth-stone."

"Madam, madam, I am not a murderer!" Antonio whispered, turning ghastly pale.

"No, you are a coward," she said. "You were not afraid to set a gang upon Lord Marlowe, who might have killed him. But when it is a matter of using your own hands, for your own advantage and mine—'Madam, he is my friend'—'Madam, he would betray me'—'Madam, I am not a murderer.'" She mocked him. "By all that's holy, wretched boy, you will kill my enemies, or be killed!"

The threat seemed manifestly false, and called back his courage. He was himself surprised that it had failed him for a moment, and now he laughed in her face. "Ay, kill me, Madam," he said; "and then, work out your plans single-handed. I will prove to you that I am no coward, and more knave than fool." He laughed again. "I'll put a price on my fidelity. This right hand is yours, to do your bidding; I will destroy your enemies and give you Ruddiford, but not for money or jewels or power, Madam, though I will have those thrown into my bargain. I will have the greatest prize of all, without whom the world to me is nothing." His voice softened and his eyes burned. "You cannot now marry Mistress Roden to your son; marry her to me."

"To you, dog!" Lady Marlowe screamed, and laughed shrilly. "And you talk, hypocrite, of your father and friend? Would not such an insult be worse to him than a thousand of the deaths I shall give him? A nameless beggar's brat from the streets of Naples!"

"Men have carved their own fortunes before now, Madam," Antonio said calmly. "And it was but yesterday, when you charged me with this despairing love of mine, that you called it a pretty ambition. God knows, if I have such a prize from your hand, I shall have earned it hardly. And consider, Ruddiford will be yours, York's, and I shall owe you more, far more, than to those who have tended me and brought me up here. I shall owe you the satisfaction my life craves for."

"Ha!" Isabel looked him in the face, scornful and laughing, "Ha, Sir Antonio! a knighthood from King Edward, fourth of the name—that will be your worship's next desire. And I counsel you to bear your wife's name and arms, since you have none of your own. What would she say, think you, to this sweet bargain,—a low-born knave for a husband, his hands stained with her grandfather's blood?"

"Her consent need not be asked," said Antonio; his eyes fell for an instant, and he smiled. "As a child she loved me well enough," he said; "she shall love me again."

"Beautiful as an angel of Satan," Lady Marlowe said, "there are women, Antonio, who might love you indeed in a sort, forgetting alike your birth and your character. There are those who would love you as a plaything, as a pet animal, while others might be caught by your devilish cleverness, as in a net. But you know, and I know, that Margaret Roden is not one of these. She would hate you eternally; your touch would be death to her. And remember, Lord Marlowe lives. So long as he is captive, you might live and thrive—but after—"

Antonio shrugged his shoulders, and tossed his dark head. "Madam, even these risks do not terrify me."

"Silence, beast of the earth!" she said. "They are knocking without,—listen."

There was indeed a distant sound in the outer gallery. It was now twilight; across the farther window of the room, half shadowed with ivy, a great owl sailed, hooting long and loud. It was seldom that his voice was heard at such an hour, so near the walls, or when the folk of the castle were still awake and moving. For a moment there was terror in both faces, as the wretches looked upon each other.

"Fore God, you are making a sick child of me, with those rolling eyes of yours!" cried Isabel. "Go, open the door."

"Is it a bargain, Madam?" Antonio hissed, leaning towards her.

"I make no bargains with a slave," she said coldly. "I ask nothing of you, miserable boy; I command. Bring me ratsbane, or you die. Leave the rest to me; take my counsel, and forget your madness. Ah!" as the knocking became louder. "Will you go?"

A servant brought a message from Sir William Roden, begging Lady Marlowe to honor him with her presence. She immediately proceeded to his room above the hall, while Antonio, darting round by the galleries, slipped in by another way and waited behind the hangings. He would not go with her openly, though indeed his master had desired him to wait upon her Ladyship, paying her all honor and carrying out her wishes. Sir William had known of the mission to King's Hall in pursuit of Master Richard and of its failure; he now desired to express his anger and commiseration. It touched his honor that young Marlowe should have fled from his house and married against his mother's will. He was very angry with Mistress Alice for leading the young fellow so astray, and talked bravely of sharp punishment for the wild brother who had forced on the marriage. And this, he now knew, was only one of Jasper Tilney's crimes. There was indeed a double, treble

apology due to Lady Marlowe. His good old soul was troubled within him, for he fancied that in the interview with her Ladyship that morning he had been hardly courteous or kind. No danger indeed that Dick, the rascal, would be forced as a husband on his sweet Meg.

Isabel, fierce-eyed but stately, and far more self-controlled than in the morning's visit, sat and faced Sir William and those about him. There was a mocking twist of her handsome mouth, for the knight's suite was characteristic.

Margaret stood in her old place, the place where Harry had seen her and asked her in marriage, close to her grandfather's shoulder with her hand resting there. Behind her, to her right, the Vicar was sitting, and on each side of him stood the brothers, the faithful allies, Timothy and Simon. Little Simon's round face was like a harvest moon, red and shining as the firelight played on it; he grinned, almost in enjoyment of the imbroglio that he had helped to make, through no fault of his own. Timothy's lantern jaws were pulled to their longest; he felt the loss of a good horse, never likely to return from King's Hall, nor, he feared, to be paid for; and he dreaded that Lady Marlowe's wrath might fall on the wrong heads. Timothy was a rebel at heart: he did not love the great of the earth, nor their selfish tyranny; and now, gazing spellbound at the Baroness, he repeated to himself,—"A wicked woman, yea, a wicked woman."

Sir William was far more himself than in the morning, when the joyful news from St. Albans had almost over-set his wits. He now spoke to Lady Marlowe like a courteous old friend, and she received his apologies and condolences graciously, though coldly. As to her son, there was no more to be said; he had offended her past forgiveness. Truly, she was glad that the

woman he had thought fit to marry was of fair descent, but this did not alter the fact; it was a disobedient, scandalous marriage, and those who had brought it about might one day answer for it: a flash from her Ladyship's eyes reached poor Simon, and his smile died away. This last abominable freak made the cup of Master Tilney's evil doings run over. He was a kidnapper in every sense.

Then her Ladyship bent suddenly towards Margaret, who was watching her in white anxiety. "Your message, child,—you sent a message—but my Lord Marlowe is not yet free. This Jasper holds his prisoner tight, it seems."

"He is not yet free," Meg answered, hardly knowing her own voice, so hollow was it, so fearful. "You know all, Madam; you know that Richard and Alice are gone away, but he—he is there still. And my grandfather—"

"Yes, yes," Lady Marlowe said. Suddenly, while that row of eyes, Sir William's alone friendly, Meg's full of doubt and question, looked upon her, the cloud seemed to pass from her brow and her face was full of hope and eagerness. "What do we, Sir William?" she said. "What force or guile will make this brigand give up his prey?"

"It shall be force, Madam," the old man said; "I am not a lover of guile. Had I known sooner where to find my Lord, I would have burnt King's Hall to the ground, to have him out of his prison; he is too noble for such handling. Now, Meg, thy letter."

Isabel drew a sharp breath. Antonio strained eyes and ears from his hiding-place. Meg came forward a pace, drawing a paper from her bosom. "This," she said, "was given by Richard to a poor peasant in the fields, who brought it to me but now." She read the letter aloud, trembling, while Isabel's eyes devoured it and her. "My

dear and fair lady, keep yourself in patience, holding Ruddiford for the Red Rose. Necessity and honor have me fast, but a brighter day will dawn for thy Harry."

"Verily, and the sooner the better!" cried Lady Marlowe, with the strangest heartiness. "Honor—what means he? some mad promise he has given—why, Meg, we must break it for him. Sir William, this very night we must have him free."

As she spoke, she smiled on Meg and beckoned her. This, with some undefinable difference, was the Lady Marlowe who had sat in the tower-room twenty-four hours before. But Meg, if she saw the sign, did not obey it. Hiding her letter away once more, she stepped back to her old place, watchful as ever as she gazed upon my Lady.

"I told thee, Meg," Sir William murmured, and his old hand clasped hers. "Ay, my Lady; the men are now arming—they shall start at moonrise—a strong troop of my best men, with Black Andrew to lead them—and a black welcome he will have, if he returns without my Lord. Then, then, it seems to me, with your good-will, we too may have a wedding. Lord Marlowe may be in haste to join the Queen, but first I will give him what he asks; he shall have my Meg, and so the future of Ruddiford shall be sure. You will receive her as a daughter, Madam, though not after your first intention."

A smile touched Meg's lips, but she moved her head a little, while her hand pressed the old man's shoulder and her eyes never left Lady Marlowe. As for her, she looked upon the floor, and seemed to hesitate for a moment; then she drew herself once more upright. "Truly, Sir William, you console me in my misfortune," she said almost sweetly. "I shall then perform my promise to Margaret, and she will be my true and loving daughter. Send

a strong force, I beseech you; we can no longer live under Master Tilney's rule. If by a happy accident the world were rid of him,—but I will not be revengful. Only do not risk failure; send every man your worship can spare."

"Would it be more fitting," Simon Toste squeaked out suddenly, "if my Lady Baroness's own men were sent to rescue their own master?"

But Sir William would not hear of this. It was not necessary for her Ladyship to crush poor Simon; he did it himself. He felt that Ruddiford was responsible for Lord Marlowe's capture; Ruddiford must set him free. And later, when the conference had broken up, Meg herself reproached Simon with her usual severity. "Master Toste, you are a foolish meddler," she said. "My Lady's men shall neither

see him nor touch him. I shall write him a letter that Black Andrew shall give him; and he shall take what men he chooses, and ride away to the Queen. I tell you, I will not have him here at Ruddiford."

"What, mistress? Not to marry you?" Simon cried.

"I do not trust her," Meg whispered in his ear. "She loves him not, I tell you. Hast so soon forgotten my warning, Simon?"

"Why," cried the apothecary, "'twas your very warning that made me say it! All our men away, all her men here—"

"Peace, you are too fearful. Impossible,—how could she!" and Meg flew to write her letter.

Antonio was again with Lady Marlowe, receiving her commands.

Macmillan's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

A TRANSITIONAL POET.*

That the works of Waller should be republished in so cheap a form is, indeed, a signal proof of the attention which our older poets are receiving, at least from the publishers. In Mr. Thorn Drury's introduction he makes no pretence of enthusiasm about his subject either as a man or as a poet. That introduction is more biographical than critical, and it gives a very full and clear account of the shifting and usually futile part which Waller played in public affairs. As to his poetry, Mr. Drury, with other critics, denies his right to be considered the inventor of the heroic couplet as it was written in the 18th century. Other poets, and in particular Sandys, "before his time, were in the habit of writing Distichs, confining the sense to the couplet, as

smooth and correct as any that ever came from the pen of Waller." No doubt that is so. Even Donne sometimes wrote true heroic couplets. They were the natural form to be taken by the more prosaic subject-matter that began to be versified in the seventeenth century. But for all that Waller was the first man to write couplets thoroughly in the style of the eighteenth century, because he was the first to have an eighteenth century conception of poetry. Take these lines for instance:—

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa loved, but loved in vain.

Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy.

* "The Poems of [Edmund Waller." Edited by G. Thorn Drury. Two vols. (The Muses Library. Routledge. 1s. each vol.)

This passage might have been written in the eighteenth century, or even as

a parody of the eighteenth century manner, which could not be said of even the smoothest couplets of Sandys. That it should have been written by a poet who not very long before had addressed complimentary lines to Ben Jonson is a startling proof of the imminence of the change that was threatening English poetry even in the lifetime of Elizabethans scarcely yet belated.

Waller was certainly the first English poet who used a vocabulary and cadences so conventional as to be perfectly fitted for expressing nothing; and this was because he was the first of our poets who set himself industriously to write about nothing. Suckling in his most careless and trivial pieces at least discloses himself. The lines just quoted tell you nothing whatever about Waller. Carew, though a trifling writer, uses the images and the vocabulary of serious poetry and charges his trifles with a beauty that is real and serious. But Waller simply versifies, when he writes of the lady who can sleep when she pleases, or of the misreport of her being painted. The matter is nothing and the manner is as insignificant. Yet manner and matter alike pleased the taste of the Restoration, which was tired both of pedantry and of passion, sick of heroics in life and in literature, and sincere only in its outbursts of brutal frankness. For such a public poetry became a mere game, and Waller played it more elegantly than any one else. In the matter of art he seems to have been a born trifler; he had his politics, too; he plotted ineffectively, and at the close of his long life won honor by the wit and wisdom of his defence of religious liberty in Parliament; yet he never made great political verses like Marvell. There is an inspired line or two in his Panegyric on Cromwell, as when he speaks of the disorder after Caesar's death—

That Sun once set, a thousand meaner
stars
Gave a dim light to violence, and wars.

But most of it is dull stuff, though not so dull as his compliments to the two Charles's and their families. Some of these are afflicted with that hopeless dulness which is the Nemesis of serious trifling. For instance, Charles II.'s Queen was a Portuguese and fond of tea. These facts were celebrated by Waller thus:—

Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his
bays;
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes
to praise.
The best of queens, and best of herbs,
we owe
To that bold nation which the way
did show
To the fair region where the sun does
rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly
prize.

Verse of this kind must have been written from sheer momentum. It is a kind of ritual persisting after all the convictions that gave it being have passed away. The readers who admired it were tired of all subjects proper to poetry; but they still wanted verse from habit, and Waller gave them the kind of verse, thoroughly emptied of poetry, which they wanted. Yet he did not win his fame for nothing. He had the good fortune to be a rarity coming at a time when there was an eager demand for his peculiar talent. A poet who can employ real poetic powers best upon trifles is not often found; and Waller was such a poet. The slighter his theme, the better he was inspired by it. No doubt serious things were a burden to him; and when he tried to grapple with them he lost his art and his grace. Yet that art and grace were very real. He was noted in society for his personal charm, and it seems to live still in the

lines "Of my Lady Isabella Playing on the Lute"—

Such moving sounds from such a careless touch!

So unconcerned herself, and we so much!

The following couplet, too, is turned with an elegance that makes poetry out of nothing:—

Here love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the listening deer.

There is a graceful ease in these lines which the heroic couplet of the eighteenth century lost; for Waller was born in a great age of poetry, and, though he was shy of the passion of that age, the glow from it still faintly flushes his verses. There is still a ring of the old rich and careless music in them sometimes. His gracefulness is more romantic than Prior's, though Prior often surpassed him in sincerity and depth of emotion. Like Prior, he could condescend very prettily to the young, as in the verses "To a Very Young Lady"—

Why came I so untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
Or shadow of felicity?

Even these lines are nearer to great poetry in their choice of words and their rhythm and music than anything of Prior's.

Waller's wit, so famous in his own day, was far removed both from the pedantic, laboring, imaginative wit of Donne and Herbert, and from the ostentatious and eager wit of Pope. His wit is not all sharpened to a point or condensed into epigrams. It colors a whole poem, and seems to consist in a point of view rather than in a series of glittering phrases. Take, for instance, the verses "Of the Marriage of

the Dwarfs." There is not an epigram in them, yet the whole conception is witty, and the poem seems to be filled with a faint, almost tender, smile:—

Design, or chance, makes others wive;
But Nature did this match contrive;
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little bed
To him, for whom Heaven seemed to
frame,
And measure out, this only dame.

The fancy a few lines further on is developed thus:—

To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains, topped with
snow;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem.

In this poem Waller is much nearer to Marvell than to the 18th century. He reveals in it that curious capacity characteristic of the poets of his age, for *tours de force* of the imagination. They were able to absorb themselves utterly in a theme or an image, however trifling it might seem, and to kindle a strange unexpected beauty out of it by the very intensity of their absorption. Waller here certainly makes as much out of his subject as could be made out of it. There is something odd and yet just in the fancy that the Dwarfs, by their littleness, are confined to each other, and the illustration of Galatea and Polypheme, most ingeniously connecting that fancy with romance, almost lifts it into poetry. Waller never wrote a whole poem better than this; and one may be sure that no one else could have written it as well as he did. The more famous "Go, lovely Rose," though exquisitely smooth, is a little empty and poverty-stricken besides some of Herick's poems of the same sort.

In fact, most of Waller's lyrics have a manner, borrowed and attenuated from the finer lyrists of his youth,

which raises expectations that are usually disappointed. Reading them you suspect there is no background of beauty or passion; no secret holy of holies, in his mind; he writes lightly, not from reserve, but because he has nothing serious to say. Trifling for him is not a diversion, but a business; and this suspicion is confirmed by his more serious poems, which are his worst. In them he suffers obviously from poverty of subject matter, the chronic disease of the poets of the 18th century. Like them Waller tried his hand at didactic poetry because he had so little to write about. But he did not make much of it. He could be witty about a very young lady; but not about Divine Love or the Fear of God; and in treating these subjects he had no aim except to be witty. He could philosophize about the fair, but not about mankind. Mankind, we may be sure, interested him very little. He had not Pope's generalizing power or energy of thought. Pope, after all, had a fire in his belly and a passionate interest in life, which the manner of an unpoetic age could not altogether obscure. Waller had no fire in his belly whatever, and when he wrote of serious themes it was only from an ambition to be taken seriously. His sacred poems, therefore, have only an historic interest. They suggest what was to come, they recall what had been, but only very imperfectly. They are full of dry statements of sublime matters.

The church triumphant, and the church
below
In songs of praise their present union
show;
Their joys are full; our expectation
long;
In life we differ, but we join in song.
Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell
apart.

London Times.

Nothing could well be flatter; but sometimes these dull exercises contain a homely image that recalls Herbert rather than suggests Pope.

It is terrestrial honor to be crowned
For strowing men, like rushes on the
ground.

Such incongruities are the only interesting things about them. Even a touch of homeliness is refreshing in a style so poverty-stricken.

Waller, as we have said, lived most creditably at the end of his life. He showed real courage in Parliament in his defence of the Quakers; and also real sagacity in the terms of that defence. "These people," he said, "are like children's tops; whip them and they stand up, let them alone and they fall." So the last verses he ever wrote are his very best in a serious mood. Like the aged Titian, he seems to have been exalted and refined by the thought of approaching death.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and
decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that
time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men be-
come,
As they draw near to their eternal
home,
Leaving the old, both worlds at once
they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the
new.

There is a real awe and solemnity in these lines; and they move with the dignity and resignation of an old age which does not fear the end that is imminent. Coming at the end of his works they dispose the reader to think generously of Waller, as a man whose light nature was enriched by experience, and who once at least did posterity the service of expressing that experience in noble verse.

A PLEA FOR THE ABOLITION OF ALL LEARNING.

For many years a gross injustice has been done to the flower of our youth by the Universities, which, for the base purposes of pedantry and profit, have encouraged the study of such antiquated subjects as Greek, Latin and Mathematics. At the very age when a boy, alert and impressionable, might be learning how to write a paragraph, or how to buy and sell, the chief duties of self-respecting mankind, he is set down to acquire languages which are never used in commerce, or to make calculations which have nothing to do with day-book or ledger. However, at last the world is waking up to the folly of education, and there is a good hope that in a few years we shall see an end put once and for always to the ignorance and ineptitude of Oxford and Cambridge.

An excellent beginning has been made. Greek is as good as abolished. How it has survived so long passes my comprehension; but in a few months it will be consigned to limbo, with all its indecent alphas and omegas. There is not an argument to be brought forward in its defence. No one has yet been able to tell us why an honest British boy should waste his time in learning a barbarous language which does not even employ civilized letters, and which (I am told) has no words for "telephone" or "syndicate." It is true that Homer and Cicero wrote their works in it. But, after all, who are Homer and Cicero? For those, who, like Mr. Carnegie, must have culture at any price, there are Mr. Lewis Morris and Miss Marie Corelli; and, whatever faults the supercilious don may find in these writers, no honest man can deny them the possession of genius. Greek, then, is as good as gone, and Latin must follow it,—on this point let there

be no mistake. One dead language is as bad as another; and I have been told by one who sincerely repents of the time which he wasted at school that, though Latin is only half as old as Greek, it is twice as ugly. The argument that the Holy Scriptures were written in Latin is not worth answering. Some years ago a Revised Version was published at vast expense, and with this to help us we have no need of the original. It is time, then, that Greek and Latin were buried as well as dead; for they have done no real practical good in the world, unless we count the sovereigns that they have put in the musty pockets of a few idle professors.

But if Greek and Latin are a useless encumbrance to the hustler, mathematics are no better, and they too must be struck out of what schoolmasters call the "curriculum." (Isn't it like schoolmasters to use Greek where plain Anglo-Saxon would do just as well?) I never heard of a boy whose salary was raised because he had wasted years, which might have been profitably spent in some honest business, on Euclid and Algebra. Euclid and Algebra, forsooth! Euclid, a childish picture-book, was written, I am told, by a Greek, which is quite enough to condemn it; and Algebra is the heathen name of some nigger in the East, who never saw the advantage of marking all goods in plain figures, and has made endless confusion with his *x*'s and *y*'s and *z*'s. Then there is a book called "Conic Sections," which I saw an anæmic youth reading in the train the other day. What it is all about, I don't know; but I should have thought that nobody ever sees a cone nowadays except the man that sells a sugar-loaf. It is clear, therefore, that in this age

of competition there is no room for mathematics. Our young men must be up and doing. They must keep a hand upon our old markets and find new ones; they must show the German and the American that old England is not yet played out. But they won't do that on Euclid and Algebra; and the poor fool who reads these pagan authors, when Germany threatens our commercial supremacy, reminds me of Alcibiades, who played the flute while Rome was burning.

Once upon a time I had high hopes of Science. When I was a boy I heard Tyndall preach—I mean lecture—and I felt a kind of pride when he compared himself and me to “streaks of morning cloud, melting into the azure of the past.” I didn't understand what he meant, and his “streaks” turned my thoughts to bacon; but I was always told that there was money in science, and that atoms and protoplasms were going to make our fortunes. I know better now, and I verily believe that science is the worst of the lot. Where's the use of dissecting frogs, and cutting up the brains of pigeons, and looking for something in the air which you can't see, and grubbing for metals which you can't make into sovereigns? And that's not the worst that goes on at Oxford and Cambridge. Why, I am informed that there are grown men at both these Universities who spend their life in planting sweet-peas, not for table decoration, mind you—there might be some sense and profit in that—but merely to see what colors the flowers will take on. And they quarrel about the results, like so many stock-jobbers or politicians, with a loudness and energy worthy a better cause. But we business-men have no use for such triflers, and though our men of science have done yeoman's service (that's a good phrase!) in attacking Greek, they must now come under the harrow of public opinion themselves.

It is with great regret that I record the misguided attempts made by the spurious friends of honest commerce to introduce what they are pleased to term “modern” studies into the Universities. These gentry advocate the learning of history and geography; they recommend French and German; and modestly suggest that a professorship of engineering is not ridiculous. Was ever more pestilent nonsense talked? History is of no service to anybody save to the novelist, a poor foolish creature, whose existence is just tolerable because he can send us to sleep after a hard day in the city. But why should the business-men, who are the backbone of the country, fill their heads with the silly gossip and adulterous intrigues of a hundred years ago, when commerce was in its infancy, and the splendid markets of to-day were still undiscovered? The case of geography is still worse. The age of Robinson Crusoe is past. Nobody has to find his way about the world now. The bulk of our business with America is conducted by correspondence, and if we have to cross the ocean, it is perfectly easy to buy a ticket, and the steamer knows the road. And why we should trouble to learn French and German, two foolish tongues, which are spelt one way and pronounced another, I do not know. A German clerk, who understands them both, may be hired for fifty pounds a year, and before long they will both disappear before Esperanto. As to engineering, I will say no word but this: let the young man who would study it go into a workshop, and use his hands. There he will learn more in a week than a University will teach him in a year.

There remains one foolish subject, to which that great and good man Mr. Carnegie sometimes refers,—that is, literature. I am sorry to disagree, even for a moment, with the noblest of our captains of industry, but when the

King of Pittsburg talks about books I cannot follow him. It is all very well to read, write, and cipher, though many a fortune might be made with no more than a telephone and a tally-stick; and, even if you didn't care to read, the grandmotherly law steps in to compel you. But literature! Bah! Isn't the daily paper good enough for the plain man of business? Besides, it isn't at a university that literature is taught. The hard stones of Fleet Street are better than any college. I don't believe that a single one of our bright journalists, who were well described the other day in a halfpenny paper as "the Shakespeares of the twentieth century," has wasted a year at Oxford or Cambridge; and Mr. Carnegie, no doubt, has his tongue in his cheek when he distributes his free libraries.

The Universities, then, are doomed beyond hope or help; and I, for one, am glad of it. They are useless, as I have proved, and, thank God! they are bankrupt. Here they are cringing and fawning for subscriptions to the honest merchants, who are the pride of England; and the honest merchants, if they are wise, will button up their pockets. Some of us have thought that it might be advisable to give them a little money, on condition that we tell them what they should teach and how they should teach it. But it isn't good enough. Nothing is worth teaching, and I shall not be content until no single student wears the gown either in Oxford or in Cambridge. The only question that remains to be answered is, What shall we do with the colleges? I went to Oxford the other day with a cheap ticket, and I soon found an answer. With some pulling down and building up, most of the colleges can be converted into excellent warehouses and factories. And in my mind's eye I see the city, which for many years has been a nest of drones, crowded with industrious working men, all

making money for me and other capitalists. A little capital—that's all that's wanted. The colleges can be bought cheap, and who knows but in twenty years poor, antiquated, old Oxford may wake up, and send calicoes and hardware to America, to our Colonies, and even to the remote islands of the Pacific? After all, if you want imagination, you must go to a business man; and one thing is certain, should my plan be carried out, we shall hear little more of dead languages, mathematics, and geography.

And with Oxford the rest of England too will wake up. Freed from the tyranny of schools and academies, our young men will be strenuous and energetic. They will take Mr. Carnegie's famous tip, and shun a salaried career. They will buy cheap, and sell dear; they will boss their boss, as soon as they have swept the office; and in the happy days when "the college-made" man will exist only in a corner of Germany, England, happy England, will rule the commerce of the world as to-day she rules the waves. And when that age of gold comes, as come it must, it will bring with it true equality and fraternity. No man will be able to give himself airs because he has studied what Mr. Carnegie so eloquently calls "petty and insignificant skirmishes between savages." The true test of manhood will be, as it should be always, the power to make money and rig the market. And as all men will be equal in freedom from the knowledge of senseless things, so they will be bound together in the fraternal bonds of competition. There is as much good material in England as in America, and when Oxford and Cambridge are converted to neat manufacturing towns, when the sky, which looks down on these "seats of learning" (save the mark!) is changed from a foolish blue to a healthy, profitable black, we may even hope to rival Pittsburg itself.

And now nothing remains for me but to find an appropriate *nom de plume* for my article, in which I flatter myself I have proved conclusively the absurdity of all learning. I had thought of "Ne plus ultra" and "Ne sutor." Not that I know what either of them means. God forbid! But Mr. Carne-

Blackwood's Magazine.

gie's nearest librarian assures me that both of these are a trifle hackneyed; and I readily accept his suggestion that I should reveal my business in the best Greek at his disposal. And so I sign myself, with the pleasing consciousness of a stern duty properly performed,

Mercator Anglicanus.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Despite what a prominent publisher has recently described as "the slump in poetry," verse figures very prominently in the spring announcements in London, and is not wanting from the list of the publisher who expressed himself so gloomily.

Mr. Bennet Burleigh, back from the war in the Far East, has arranged with Messrs. Chapman and Hall to publish a book on his experiences and the probable results of the war. The book will be illustrated and similar in size to his "Natal Campaign."

Mr. Stephen Phillips, in his next volume, is to undertake the rehabilitation of the character of Nero, and has a cheerful confidence that he will be able to give quite a different presentation of him from that usually made. He views Nero as merely an æsthetic placed in a position of omnipotence.

An important find of manuscripts is reported from Schwalgental. They are well preserved for the most part, with beautiful colored initial letters. The most interesting of the twenty-two MSS., which include hymns, prayers, texts, and psalms in Latin, are those containing music, as they present excellent specimens of the notation of the Middle Ages, probably the tenth cen-

tury, as well as of that in use from the eleventh century to the fourteenth.

The new "Biographical Edition" of Stevenson's works, announced by the Scribners, will have a preface to each volume by Mrs. Stevenson giving an interesting and intimate account of the circumstances under which it was written, with digressions and anecdote. These prefaces will give to the edition something of the charm which was imparted to the biographical edition of Thackeray, which the Harpers published some years ago, with Mrs. Ritchie's delightful introductions.

Messrs. Longman propose to publish a History of England, from the Conquest of Britain to the end of the reign of Queen Victoria, in 12 vols. This is intended to set forth in a readable form and a single work the results attained by modern research. In its scope the new work will primarily be political, though religious matters will necessarily at certain periods have a prominent place, and important social phenomena will be noted. Each of the twelve volumes is to be written by a separate author, but unity of design and treatment is promised.

In "A Prince of Lovers," Sir William Magnay chooses for his historical set-

ting Germany at the close of the Thirty Years War, and with a wily old chancellor anxious to unite the fortunes of two adjoining States, a high-spirited princess and a wayward prince equally unwilling to further his schemes, a pretty maid of honor, a free-booting comrade, and an outlawed noble in a mountain fastness, develops a plot which the reader with a *penchant* for novels of adventure will find unusually thrilling. The details are cleverly managed, and the interview between the chancellor and Count Irromar is an unexpected bit of character-study. Little, Brown & Co.

The remarkable popularity of "The Lightning Conductor" ensures success to the combination of travel-sketches and romance with which those two clever collaborators, C. N. and A. M. Williamson, follow it this season. In "The Princess Passes" not all the tour is made with the automobile, a pedestrian trip through the Alps being one of the most noticeable features of the book. But the "Mercedes" plays a prominent part from Havre to Lucerne—with a stolen run over the St. Gothard—and reappears at Chambery to speed the hero to his fate at Monte Carlo. The interwoven love-story is slight, but the comments by the way are shrewd and sprightly, and the descriptive passages are written with a sympathy which rises often to real enthusiasm. Henry Holt & Co.

"The Slanderers" whom Warwick Deeping holds up for the reader's contempt in his latest novel, are the vicar of an English village and his following, whose narrow minds see impropriety in the moonlight meetings of a certain young artist with the woman whom he calls his "wife in the spirit"—his "wife in the flesh" having disappointed his "ideals." Needless to say,

the church-people are the grossest caricatures, the "wife in the flesh" is a sordid schemer, and all the resources of the author's rhetoric are lavished on the artist and his spirit-love. Ethical teaching so widely at variance with the conventional standards needs to be presented with candor, dignity and artistic restraint if it is to claim attention. In the present instance, the writer's extraordinary freedom in the use of the sensuous and the blasphemous preclude the belief in his serious purpose and force one to look on his book as merely written for a market. Harper & Bros.

The eleventh and twelfth volumes of the Arthur H. Clark Company's reprints of Early Western Travels deal, as the tenth did, with the English emigration movement to this country, and the experiences of the settlers at English Prairie in Illinois and elsewhere: but with this difference, that the two writers whose narratives of observation and travel fill the volumes were hostile critics, whose acknowledged aim was to create a bad impression of America and Americans. They were William Faux, a coarse-grained English farmer without fairness of judgment or literary gifts, who wrote "Memorable Days in America" in 1823; and Adlard Welby, who must have seemed a "howling swell" of that period, as he journeyed in his own carriage, attended by a valet, along rough western roads and through rough communities, grumbling all the way because he did not find the conveniences of civilization. His "Visit to North America and the English Settlements in Illinois, with a Winter Residence at Philadelphia" was published in 1821. These unfriendly narratives serve as correctives of what may be the too optimistic accounts of the other writers.

Leavetaking.—A Song

LEAVETAKING.

Pass, thou wild light,
Wild light on peaks that so
Grieve to let go
The day.
Lonely the tarrying, lonely too is night:
Pass thou away.

Pass, thou wild heart,
Wild heart of youth that still
Hast half a will
To stay
I grow too old a comrade, let us part.
Pass thou away.

William Watson.

From "Poems."

AT BAY.

My child is mine.
Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh
Is he,
Rocked on my breast and nurtured
at my knee,
Fed with sweet thoughts ere ever he
drew breath,
Wrested in battle through the gates
of death.
With passionate patience is my
treasure hoarded,
And all my pain with priceless joy
rewarded.

My child is mine.
Nay, but a thousand thousand powers
of ill
Dispute him with me: lurking wolf-
like still
In every covert of the ambushed
years
Disease and danger dog him: foes and
fears
Bestride his path, with menace
fierce and stormy.
Help me, O God! these are too
mighty for me!

My child is mine.
But pomp and glitter of the garish
world

May wean him hence; while, tenderly
unfurled
Like a spring leaf, his delicate spot-
less days
Open in blinding sunlight. And the
blaze
Of blue and blossom, scents and
songs at riot,
May woo him from my wardenship
of quiet.

My child is mine.
Yet all his gray forefathers of the
past
Challenge the dear possession: they
o'ercast
His soul's clear purity with dregs and
lees
Of vile unknown ancestral impulses:
And viewless hands, from shadowy
regions groping,
With dim negation frustrate all my
hoping.

My child is mine.
By what black fate, what ultimate
doom accurs'd,
Shall be that radiant certainty re-
vers'd?
Though hell should thrust its fiery
gulfs between,
Though all the heaven of heavens
should intervene,
Bound with a bond not God Him-
self will sever.
The babe I bore is mine for ever
and ever.
My child is mine.

May Byron.

The Spectator.

A SONG.

Lovely is good news told;
But good news guessed
Hath yet more zest—
Then, flower, do not unfold.

Happy is love expressed;
But love untold
Is purer gold—
Lock fast the treasure-chest.

Mary Scott.

